

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

THE actual position in the Ruhr and the Rhineland becomes daily more serious. The nervousness and violence of the French troops increase, and with them the embittered resistance of the population. The Germans have now blocked coal transport on the river by sinking barges. The figures which M. Poincaré was forced to give to the Commission of Foreign Affairs have opened the eyes of many Frenchmen to the economic results of the invasion, and have roused considerable criticism. The normal railway traffic in the Ruhr was before the invasion 1,200 trains per day; it is now 70 trains. The amount of coal which has gone from the Ruhr to France in the five weeks of occupation is 15,000 tons, which is not half the quantity which was sent daily before the occupation. Meanwhile, M. de Lasteyrie is preparing to ask the Chamber for a vote of 115,000,000 francs to meet the costs of the adventure. Another side of the picture is to be seen in the French operations in the Rhineland. There the whole of the Customs staff has been dismissed and directed to re-engage with the French Government, and it is announced that the same process will be applied progressively to all the Civil Service. By this procedure the French Government in effect annexes that portion of the Rhineland which is in its control.

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IT is by no means certain that it is not already an object of French policy to get us out of Cologne. It is openly said in some quarters of the Paris Press that we must either support France or quit. When M. Poincaré adopts this view as his own, the way in which our final marching orders are to be given to us has already been indicated. The French view is that the Inter-Allied Rhineland Commission has jurisdiction over the whole of the occupied area, and therefore in the British zone, and that General Degoutte is Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied armies of occupation, including the British. We are in a minority of one upon the Inter-Allied Commission, so that, if this view of the legal position were adopted, the French could simply dictate to us through the Commission what we should or should not do in the Cologne area, and General Degoutte could give orders to our troops over the head of the British

Government. The possibilities in this situation show how dangerous was the policy of our Government in not taking a firm line of opposition, both on political and legal grounds, when the French took separate action in violation of the Treaty of Versailles.

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THE tactics of the French Government with regard to the railways in the British zone have been characteristic. When M. Le Trocquer came to London, it was said that all that France wanted was the transference from British to French control of a small piece of line to which no one, not even a German, could possibly object. The line, too, was only wanted for the transport of coal. But when M. Le Trocquer met the Prime Minister, what he really asked for amounted to French control over all the railways in the British zone, and this control was required, not for the transport of coal—for practically no coal is coming out of the Ruhr—but for the transport and provisioning of French troops. The routine tactics of French diplomacy, practised with considerable success at the Washington Conference and in many negotiations with Mr. George, consist in making at first an impossible demand for something which there is no hope of obtaining, and then gracefully accepting as a compromise what was really wanted. These methods have once more succeeded. What the French wanted was control of the Aix-la-Chapelle-Düsseldorf line, which runs partly through the British zone, and this has now been handed over to them. It has been followed by the inevitable refusal of the railway officials to work under the French and their immediate expulsion from the British zone.

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THE truth appears to be that the French are nervous about the military position of their troops in the Ruhr and of their lines of communication. It is this which gives importance to the Aix-la-Chapelle-Düsseldorf line and to the other railways in the British zone. By handing over this important piece of line, Mr. Law has abandoned neutrality and given active aid to the policy of invasion. This would be still truer of a further "compromise," which is foreshadowed. It is proposed to allow to the French the same number of trains through the British zone for military purposes as before the invasion of the Ruhr, and to leave it to the generals on the spot to work out the details of the arrangement. The kind of interpretation which may be put upon such an agreement is shown by the fact that it is already being urged from the French side that, if the French transport on a particular day prior to the occupation be taken as the average, they will get the maximum use of the railways which they can possibly require. It is clear that Mr. Law's hesitating policy can only have one of two results. Either he will be dragged into active support of France in the Ruhr or he will be pushed by the French into a position in which he will be compelled to withdraw, not without ignominy, from Cologne.

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THE week has witnessed some considerable changes in the Parliamentary scene. The new House of Commons is active, well-informed, independent, and subject to quick changes in the evolution of topics and the

combinations of parties. The Liberals and the Lloyd Georgians, for example, came together in a concerted amendment to the Address, criticizing the Franco-Belgian incursion into the Ruhr, and proposing that the League of Nations should appoint a Commission of Experts to report on Germany's capacity to pay Reparations, and that the United States should be asked to join this Commission. The speaking in support of this very guarded scheme of intervention was predominantly "National Liberal," Mr. Fisher moving the amendment, and Mr. George supporting it in a much applauded and highly dramatized oration. Labor, through Mr. Henderson, also accepted it, and this Triple Entente produced a vote of 196 members against a Government strength of 305. Lord Robert Cecil was a cautious dissenter, on grounds of tactics rather than of principle. The Prime Minister's reply was hostile, but he, too, took the line of expediency, and his most significant phrase was one of disapproval "of what the French have done." His best debating point was a retort on Mr. George that he had himself threatened an earlier occupation of the Ruhr. "Bluff," was Mr. George's rejoinder. The dominant, almost the universal, line of criticism—Liberal, Labor, and even Conservative—was one of reasoned hostility to French action. Mr. Butler's weighty argument was of this character, and with it should be read the fair and balanced statement of French motives by Brigadier-General Spears, with its final warning that should a revolution break out in Germany, the Government must tell the French that we hold them responsible.

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THAT the Iraq debate, with its demand for the evacuation of Mosul, should have fallen on the day when the Angora Assembly was beginning its debate of the Lausanne Treaty, was an undesigned and unhappy coincidence. What Ismet Pasha and Mustapha Kemal personally intend is as uncertain as is their power to get a backing in the Assembly. Ismet has given pacific assurances to the Allied representatives at Constantinople. On the other hand, Mustapha Kemal has made an unconciliatory speech at Smyrna. It is clear, moreover, that the Bolshevik representative, Araloff, is working against agreement. If it is a question of still pressing the Turkish demands on the points left unsettled at Lausanne (capitulations, Greco-Turkish Reparation payments, economic provisions), the French and Italians will no doubt give way, and we shall presumably have to follow them. But if Angora attempts to reopen the debate on points where agreement was reached after months of wrangling at Lausanne, Lord Curzon will certainly refuse. The real question is whether the Turks want money and peace badly enough to resist the temptation to gamble once more on Allied disunion.

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THE debate on Iraq had no conclusive result. That followed necessarily from the terms of the amendment, as much as from the circumstances of the hour. A demand for "an immediate and drastic curtailment of British responsibilities in Mesopotamia" could be equally well interpreted in financial terms (in which all parties would be at one), or in territorial. If the latter construction is right the amendment meant the instant evacuation of part at least of the three vilayets. But that policy, however desirable it might be if we had no past in Iraq and no pledges for the future, has to be

judged in its relation both to the Turkish Treaty and to the Treaty with Feisal. Mr. George Lambert, who moved the amendment, exhibited the depth of his knowledge of Iraq by observing (as a pendant to a galaxy of quotations from the Rothermere and Beaverbrook Press) that he understood "Mesopotamia was peopled by two different tribes, the Shiites and the Sunnis." The latter part of the debate, to which Mr. Asquith contributed a very weighty speech, was of a different quality. Mr. Bonar Law would go no further than to say that he must wait, as a Cabinet Committee was sitting on Iraq. But he insisted that, whatever considerations finally weighed with the Government, oil would not be one of them.

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AN article by Senator Henry de Jouvenel in Wednesday's "Matin" throws a pretty significant light on France's foreign policy. Involved in a critical struggle in the Ruhr, with this country and America definitely against her, she is out for the old system of Continental grouping, of the folly of which neither the war nor the League of Nations has convinced her. For the moment all the cry is of a Franco-Italian *rapprochement*, the "Messagero" leading the campaign at Rome, and the "Temps" and the "Matin" answering eagerly from Paris. In that connection the attitude of the Vatican, towards which Signor Mussolini becomes increasingly cordial, may be worth watching. But besides Italy there is Russia, which a section of the Paris Press, the "Temps" once more in the vanguard, is courting for obvious reasons. M. Tardieu, who states definitely in his "Echo National" that a French mission is about to leave for Moscow (the name of Senator de Monzie has been mentioned), adds the interesting fact that M. Millerand is strongly opposed to such a step. As things stand, Mussolini and Tchitcherin are a strange pair of bedfellows, and the suggestion that even Germany may be roped into the new combination attributes a little too much cohesive force to Herr Stinnes and the Comité des Forges.

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IT seems to us that Mr. Kirkwood was quite right in questioning the origin of the £25,000 a year which the Duke of York will receive on his marriage, in place of his present ample allowance of £10,000, and asking whether this extravagant and needless increase—what do young people, however well born, want with huge incomes?—has had the approval of Parliament. This inquiry carries on the tradition of the old Radical Party. There is nothing invidious in the suggestion that the most handsomely endowed Royal House in the world should make reasonable provision for its descendants. The House of Commons guards the people's pocket, which in these days is "searched," to use the classical phrase, much as if it were the Germans'. Nor do we see the point or grace of making, as Mr. Baldwin made, an almost unintelligible reply to a constitutional question put in perfectly proper form. We think it a great pity that these young Princes should be quartered on the public funds, for in these hard times this grievance assumes larger proportions than usually belong to it. They come of a rich family, and the practice of uniting them with the daughters of British nobles means that they marry into rich families. Is not that enough?

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THE debate in the Commons on Tuesday on the Labor amendment dealing with war pensions was not satisfactory. Mr. Adamson, who moved it, complained that the passion of the Pensions Ministry for economy has

led it on to committing "mean and contemptible acts." That is not an unjustified charge, in view of the inquisitions into the domestic circumstances of very poor people, followed by petty reductions of two or three shillings a week in pensions granted to widows and dependents of men who fell in the war. The Government were suspiciously evasive. Major Tryon merely promised to "communicate" to his Advisory Committee the suggestions made during the debate. That is an admission that things need altering.

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MR. AUSTIN HOPKINSON speaks frequently. He should be encouraged to speak more. The cause of the poor could hardly be better served. On Wednesday, when Mr. Maxton moved the repeal of those provisions of the Old Age Pensions Act which assess a pensioner's means, so that Old Age Pensioners should no longer be penalized because they receive assistance from friends—one widow was instanced during the debate who is mulcted of a shilling weekly because her son gives her a tea now and then—Mr. Hopkinson took the unlucky opportunity to define Old Age Pensions as Poor Law relief, and those in receipt of public assistance as paupers. Not unnaturally, Labor Members at once loudly published the names of princes, ex-Chancellors, and others, "paupers" from whom public assistance is not withheld in part because someone stands them a drink occasionally. As a fact, there is a meanness in the application of the Old Age Pensions Act to-day which would disgrace the most miserable Bumble who ever bilked poor children of oatmeal because he thought water to be better for them. For example, the case of a pension received for a son killed in battle ought to be apart. It is not. In very many cases it is deducted from the Old Age Pension.

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LITHUANIA's disputes may have serious consequences. Not too much attention need be paid to the protests with which the conditions attaching to the award of Memel to Lithuania have been received. If the Lithuanian Government were serious in its declaration that it would not accept the territory on such terms, there would be no difficulty about placing it, like Danzig, under the League of Nations. The situation on the Polish-Lithuanian frontier is far more disquieting, particularly in view of the fact that Russia, always suspected of being active in the background, is now openly intervening. The whole issue was hopelessly prejudiced more than two years ago by the Zeligowski seizure of Vilna, but on the immediate question, the joint occupation of a neutral zone which had become a lawless no-man's land, the Poles seem for once to have been behaving with reasonable restraint. Both sides have now appealed to the League of Nations, and it is hard to see how the League Council can avoid meeting to go into the question afresh. The alternative is that the Conference of Ambassadors should take the matter in hand and discharge its long-neglected duty of defining Poland's eastern frontiers.

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AN important step towards the Indianization of India has been announced by Lord Rawlinson in the shape of a first move towards the Indianization of the Indian Army. The experiment is to be made in the first instance with eight regiments, of different arms, Indian officers being introduced gradually as posts fall vacant. A beginning will be made with the lower grades, so that the process will be completed without British officers being at any period subordinate to Indian. With those almost excessive safeguards against friction and failure, the scheme is launched with as good prospects as could be

desired for it. Even so, there have been strong prejudices to overcome, and it is doubtful whether Whitehall approval would ever have been extracted but for the vigorous representations of the Viceroy. Any such departure is necessarily an experiment, but there has never been much trouble about the command of Indian troops by Indian officers in Hyderabad and the other principates. In any case, without such experiments there can be no progress, and as a consequence no peace, in India.

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THE Irish Government's offer of an amnesty expired on last Sunday without any dramatic change in the situation. But if nothing like a general capitulation has taken place—and this was not expected—there is increasing evidence of disintegration in the Republican ranks. There have been additions to the number of small bands and columns who have abandoned the field in widely separated parts of the country; there is evidence of a growing desire to treat on the part of others, and the movement for peace amongst the prisoners—a movement unprecedented in Irish political action—has been reinforced by a great body in Kerry. In the field the Republicans suffered a serious loss when Denis Lacey was shot this week in an encounter in the Glen of Aherlow, and Miss MacSwiney's continued anxiety to interpret Mr. de Valera's principles for him shows that all is not well in the council chamber. Reports from South and West suggest that some progress is being made towards normal living, and there is a growing sense that the Government control of administration is wider and firmer.

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THESE indications are slight, but they point the same way, and they are not deflected by the ten or twelve houses which are blown up every week. It is probable that Republican activity in the next few weeks will be more and more concentrated on Dublin; there is unfortunately every reason to believe that the struggle will be envenomed, and some substantial grounds for thinking that it will be comparatively short. In the past week partially successful attacks were made upon revenue offices in Dublin, and the house of a member of the Dáil destroyed by a land mine. In counter-reprisal to this arson, unauthorized groups entered the houses of two Republicans in the same neighborhood and wrecked the furniture. This is the third or fourth appearance on the troubled scene of these groups, who apparently regard themselves as *fascisti*, and whose lawless activities are by no means welcome to the Government they profess to support.

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THE Government frowns on *fascisti*, and exhibited an alternative in a parade through Dublin of some fourteen hundred of the new Civic Guard. This is an unarmed police force, replacing the disbanded Royal Irish Constabulary. In point of physique and discipline they appear in no way inferior to that remarkable and subtly organized force. In every other point they seem to be its superior. Unarmed and sent to enforce the will of the executive in a partly chaotic countryside, they have earned the people's goodwill by their courage and personal good bearing. But they operate only in the country. If the Government is to limit successfully the attacks on property in Dublin and to avoid the evil method of *fascisti* reprisals, it must set going an efficient system of police patrol or initiate a lawful combination of neighboring householders in their own defence, equipped with all such modern alarm-raising devices as were found successful in the bank robberies of a year ago.

## Politics and Affairs.

### NOT NEUTRALITY, BUT OPPOSITION.

Most people see and say that the war was a turning-point in history, but neither the Government nor the country has yet realized that we are faced, owing to French action, by another and even more fatal turning-point. The war destroyed what the nineteenth century had built, and at the end of it we were at least left with the opportunity of laying the foundations upon which the twentieth century might construct some kind of civilized existence. The seriousness of the present situation consists in the fact that the French Government is engaged in building up—building up a continental system which for years will make any kind of civilized existence in Europe impossible. Even our most "sober" newspapers, like the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Times," no longer deny the fact that what the French are engaged upon is an attempt to "dismember Germany." But there seems very little appreciation of what in plain, or more simple, English the dismemberment of Germany means.

The French army has now marched into German territory on a pretext which even the French Government no longer even pretends to remember. The invasion itself was a crude act of international immorality and illegality. It was a violation of the Treaty, the obligations of which French statesmen demand that everyone—except France—shall scrupulously fulfil. The invasion having been accomplished without armed resistance—for there were no arms—the process of dismemberment is now being applied. The Rhineland, with the exception of the small enclave under British occupation at Cologne, has to all intents and purposes already been illegally and violently detached from Germany and placed under French sovereignty, for that is the true meaning of French action in dismissing the whole German Civil Service and requiring it to re-engage under France, and thus renounce its allegiance to the German Government. In the Ruhr the unarmed population is liable to be bayoneted or shot down with machine-guns unless it obeys absolutely the commands of French military officers; it is subjected to every kind of violence in order to compel all classes, from the Government official and the great capitalist to the miner and railwayman, to capitulate unconditionally to the French Government. And now M. Poincaré is taking the last step on the road towards European anarchy: by illegally blockading one part of Germany against another, he is attempting to ruin German industry, and so, by actually starving the industrial population, to compel the unconditional surrender of the German people and Government.

The unconditional surrender of Germany to France would be a disaster to Europe, and particularly to Britain. All observers agree that the reaction to French violence has been in Germany accompanied by an extraordinary outburst of idealism; all classes have been seized with the idea of showing to the world this example of German pacific resistance to French violence. But on the extreme Right and extreme Left there are in Germany, as in other countries, very different forces; no idealism is proof against starvation, and once the French succeed in bringing actual hunger upon the millions of industrial workers in unoccupied Germany, the dark forces of Monarchism or Communism, or both, will find their opportunity. M. Poincaré might then obtain not only the unconditional surrender of the German Government, but also the break-up of unoccupied

Germany into anarchy. Only the few simple minds which sit upon the back benches of Toryism will believe that such an unconditional surrender would be accompanied by the withdrawal of M. Poincaré from the Ruhr and a settlement of the Reparation question. The pretexts for permanently detaching the Rhineland and for retaining the Ruhr as an economic "pledge" would be multiplied; French armies would remain in the Ruhr; the French industrialists would obtain their 51 per cent. of shares in the Ruhr industries, and the new era of French military-industrialist hegemony on top and semi-slavery at the bottom would begin in Europe.

"This is not the time for intervention," says Mr. Bonar Law, "because the French won't accept intervention, and we are determined to remain friends with the French. We are absolutely opposed to the French action, but we shall maintain a benevolent neutrality towards it. We may even give them a little piece of our occupied zone in order not to hinder them doing what we oppose. The outlook is, I admit, black; but, if only we do nothing, something may turn up to make it brighter—or blacker." This is a strange policy for a British Government to adopt, the Government of a country which is still strong economically and politically, which bore more than her share in a war fought on French soil for the protection of France, and which has at least an equal stake with France in the results of the war. In private life, if we have a friend living next door who takes it into his head to burn our house down, we may continue earnestly to desire his friendship, but we do not remain benevolently neutral to his operations and give him a piece of the back garden through which he may carry fuel to start the conflagration. We offer him our friendship and at the same time our uncompromising opposition.

We should offer the same to France to-day. The situation is far too serious for a policy of waiting, benevolence, and neutrality. It is no good arguing with the French Government, for we shall never argue it out of the Ruhr. Its policy is not only inhuman and illegal, but is directed as much against the rights and interests of Britain as against those of Germany. M. Poincaré knows the price at which he can retain British friendship, but he is apparently not prepared to pay it. To his present operations we should, then, present an absolutely open and uncompromising opposition. We are within our rights in taking steps in detail to prevent the execution of a policy which is hostile to us and our interests. We should close our zone absolutely to French troops and military or economic transport so long as the Ruhr occupation continues. And if, as seems not impossible, a move is made in Paris to get us to evacuate Cologne in order to give France a free hand, then that becomes a very strong argument for maintaining our troops upon the Rhine.

These details are, however, only negative measures. The real problem remains to get France out of the Ruhr. That can only be achieved by a policy of positive opposition on the part of Britain. We shall never, as was said above, argue or persuade the present French Government out of the Ruhr. It is just possible that we might induce it to leave the Ruhr by actively opposing its presence there. The secret of successfully opposing anyone is to find out what he does not want you to do, and then to do it. The one thing which the French Government is afraid of to-day is intervention, and that shows that we ought to intervene immediately. We still have the power to do so with some effect. We can go openly to the French Government and people and offer

our friendship, our economic assistance, and guarantees for security if they will withdraw from the Ruhr and accept impartial arbitration and settlement of the Reparation question. And if that offer is refused, then we should actively intervene against the French policy and use the whole of our economic power to prevent France completing the ruin of Central Europe. There are, broadly, two ways in which intervention could be made, and both should be used. The machinery of the League can be used to compel the French Government openly to show its hand. The British Government can bring the Ruhr invasion and the whole Reparation question before the League as threatening the peace of Europe. France is then bound by her obligations under the Covenant to submit the matter to settlement. Of course, she might, and probably would, refuse, but she could only do so by breaking up the League. Even that would be better than the present position, for then the peoples of Europe would see the League and French policy for what they really are. The other instrument with which we can oppose France is our economic power. Great Britain and the United States have means of bringing irresistible economic pressure upon the French Government, and even Britain alone, if she used her power in opposition to France, would probably induce M. Poincaré to listen to argument. We should very much regret to see this instrument of persuasion used, but if, as seems likely, M. Poincaré refuses even to listen to the others, it should be applied immediately.

#### EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY.

WITH the death of Dr. Gow there passes an admirable type of an English headmaster: a scholar, a man of ideas, and, above all, a man who could impose his character on a system. That is not an easy thing, since the English Public School system is an oligarchical system, for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries converted it into the nursery of a governing class. In the 'forties and 'fifties of last century it seemed important to English public men that a larger class should be brought into this nursery, and that the extension of the Parliamentary franchise should be accompanied by an extension of the Public School system. During what is called the middle-class *régime* (1832-1867) nine or ten successful schools were established on the model of the old Public Schools, though very little was done for elementary education. This system as it was developed by Dr. Arnold made the English Public School conform to the English genius, and particularly the genius of the ruling class, by throwing responsibility on the boys and seeking to create a strong corporate spirit in the school. Dr. Arnold was, of course, only one of many reformers; for as readers of the recent report on differentiation of curricula between the sexes have been reminded, most important contributions have been made by the great English headmasters to educational reform, and we have reaped in this way the advantages of a system of education beyond the control of the State, a system which has, of course, its own risks. But the Arnold system, if it encouraged responsibility, introduced another danger into school life: the danger of over-organizing; of taking up the whole life of the schoolboy into the school timetable. The eighteenth-century Public School was a bear-garden, and a bear-garden, if it has obvious drawbacks as an education, produces or fosters certain useful qualities of initiative in those who survive it. The modern

Public School sets a tone, a standard. Many boys gain from it, but some undoubtedly lose. For there must always cling about the Public School something of the atmosphere of a regiment.

What is to be the future of this system? How is it influenced by the post-war upheaval? Very gravely, we imagine. For the English Public School has served, rather by accident, a certain purpose in social life. Among the scholars you would always find a number of boys from homes where wealth was neither possessed nor admired. It was possible for professional men of small means, doctors, lawyers, and parsons, by scholarships or sometimes by special sacrifices, to send their boys to these schools, and those boys provided a counteracting influence to the atmosphere of rich homes. It is perfectly true that a system which was, in essence, a class system of education must breed a certain class exclusiveness, sometimes class arrogance, among boys, and this is a very real objection to the English Public School. But in weighing up its merits and demerits we must not disregard altogether this liberalizing influence on the world of wealth. In an English Public School there have always been boys whose standards were not the standards of money, and distinction was always to be gained on fields where money did not count. A rich boy educated in a Public School might come under the influence of an atmosphere where the wealth that formed the standard in his home took second place. No doubt a great many boys so educated merely added one form of snobbishness to another. They had formerly been in the habit of swaggering about their wealth, and they now came to swagger about the charmed social circle which they had entered through the Public School.

On the other hand, rich boys came into contact with a world in which neither wealth nor rank was all-important, and some of them had their minds enlarged in the process. There is something to be said for the view that the son of a rich man who has lived for money has more chance of becoming a gentleman—a man, that is, with a decent standard of manners, of sympathy, and of intellectual interests—if he goes to a Public School than if he spends his life among boys who have all lived entirely under the glamor of wealth. But what is to become of the Public School if the class that supplied this liberalizing influence disappears from it; if the professional man of moderate means cannot afford to send his son there; if the Public School becomes the school of the narrowest world you can find, the world of the deliberately rich, where one standard—and that a standard the most brutalizing—has an unchallenged supremacy? Then those special features of the Public School system—its strong corporate spirit, its tendency to crush and overpower initiative and character, its closed doors—all those things about it that give it an unventilated atmosphere, will have the worst consequences, for they will encourage the rich class, with its poor and degrading standards, to be more itself than ever. The Englishman of the upper class will then be indistinguishable from a certain type of rich American.

What, again, is to be the relation of the Public Schools to democracy? They were part, and a very important part, of the machinery of aristocracy. When the upper classes called in the middle classes, they built more schools that the middle classes might supply politicians, soldiers, and civil servants. But now that government is not exclusively in these hands, what is to be the use or future of those schools? To answer that question we must ask another. What is the part they

play to-day in politics and government in comparison with the part they used to play? Of the last nine Prime Ministers, Disraeli, Gladstone, Rosebery, Salisbury, Balfour, C.-B., Asquith, Lloyd George, and Bonar Law, only four were educated at the big Public Boarding Schools. No single political party or group is led at this moment by a man educated at those schools. If you look at the world of administration or at the influence of letters and art, you do not find that the large Public Schools have anything like a monopoly. On the contrary. If anybody drew up a list of the writers who influence opinion, he would find it very difficult to give those schools a decent show on it.

It may be argued that it has always been largely among those who have to struggle for their education that this kind of genius is found: that at all times the man who could say with Burke, "Nitor in adversum," is as likely to make his mark as the man who is "swaddled and rocked and dangled into a legislator." There is some truth in that contention. But it is also true that though our educational progress has been dreadfully slow, we have in recent years distributed educational opportunities far more widely. Nobody would deny that a poor boy who is within reach of such a school as King Edward's School, Birmingham, or the Grammar School at Manchester, can make just as sure of first-rate teaching as the richest boy in the land. And if only the democracy is prepared to pay for education, there is no reason why such teaching should not be accessible in every town, large or small, in the country.

Until now, the teaching staff in almost all Grammar Schools has been disgracefully underpaid, and the only schoolmasters who were properly paid were the masters who taught at some of the Public Schools. If democracy is to succeed, this is a crucial question. We are at present in a vicious circle. The public control of education is a danger until the public idea of education is brought to a far more liberal standard. We have only to consider the way in which our elementary school teachers are trained and turned out, and how they are esteemed by the ordinary local authority, to see how much we have to learn before we can become a democracy that values intelligence. It is difficult to provide the education that we need without some form of public control, but we have to avoid the danger of the mechanical imposition of a public control that is dominated by a narrow and cheeseparing outlook; for there is no department of life or conduct in which the free play of ideas and initiative is more desirable. It is now more than ever important to attract men of ability and character into teaching in the secondary schools, and to see that they are not discouraged or rendered ineffective by the stupid management of education. This means that teachers must be well paid, and that they must be given some representation on the local authorities. Each local authority should have a committee of teachers to advise it. We look forward to a day when the difference between a Public Boarding School and a Grammar School will not have any relation to money or to class custom, when the Boarding School will be used for boys and girls of all classes just as much as the Grammar School. But the most immediate need in the world with which we are dealing is to improve our secondary education and to make it generally accessible by methods such as Mr. Tawney has suggested in his admirable little book "Secondary Education for All."

## IS THE COUNTRY BANKRUPT?

By BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

EVER since the war broke out I have been doing all in my power to call attention to the tremendous issues raised by its cost. I find that within three months of its outbreak I was arguing that European politics in the generation following the war would centre on the question of paying for it. To-day I am more convinced than ever that no political programme is of any value unless it contains, and no party is entitled to seek for office unless it has accepted, an adequate scheme for the restoration of our finances, no matter how excellent the other measures advocated. So huge a debt, involving an annual payment in interest of double the total pre-war tax revenue of the country, dominates everything.

But there are unquestionably difficulties in persuading people to see this. The whole economic life of this country, and indeed of every nation in Europe, has been built up under a state of comparatively light indebtedness. The annual charges for interest on the debts of Europe have hitherto absorbed only a small percentage of the earnings of industry; they have not prevented the accumulation of savings very much in excess of the amount taken by the States as interest on debt. We are now face to face with an entirely different state of things. The whole annual pre-war savings of the nations would hardly anywhere suffice to pay the vast sums required to satisfy the public creditors, not even in Great Britain, where our yearly savings were estimated at about two hundred millions, while the post-war charge for interest, including the payment agreed upon to America, will require at least three hundred and fifty millions annually from the National Treasury alone. This is about 15 per cent. of the whole income of the nation before the war.

Now it is manifest that this tremendous change in the financial position of the country must involve far-reaching changes in many other things also. The conditions under which modern life and industry had their birth and being have passed away, and if this country and Europe as a whole are to prosper again, it seems to me inevitable that it must be under totally new conditions.

It is only human nature, I suppose, that people who are comfortably off at present should shrink from facing such a conclusion. It is quite easy to understand why such warnings as those of Mr. McKenna should be forgotten as soon as they are uttered, and why people assume that the thirty-two millions yearly we have covenanted to pay to America will involve a charge of only 6d. in the pound on the income tax, whereas on the basis of their pre-war earnings it could not be less than 10d. Two years ago, Mr. McKenna, addressing the shareholders of his bank, said:—

"We cannot escape from the annual charge for interest on the National Debt and unavoidable sinking fund, which will not be less than £350,000,000. The charge for war pensions, £120,000,000, is also irreducible. These two heads of expenditure alone give a total of £470,000,000, which, if we left the whole of the remaining cost of government to be defrayed out of our other revenue, would call for an income tax of over 13s. in the £, a rate absolutely impossible for any country to bear."

In his latest statement made last month, Mr. McKenna estimates that the interest on the debt would call for an income tax of only 8s. in the pound. This, however, makes no allowance for pensions, nor, apparently, for payments to America.

I do not believe that the economy of the nation, and still less that of yet more heavily burdened allies and enemies, can be adjusted to this state of things. In articles contributed to THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM last spring,\* I showed that in a year of normal prices

\* See the issues for January 21st and March 18th.

but of good trade, such as 1913, it would be necessary to double the rates of income and super tax in order to balance the Budget. That it has not been necessary to do so yet is due to the enormous inflation of prices, which has raised the amount brought under the review of the Income Tax Commissioners from 1,167 millions in 1913-14 to 2,970 millions in 1919-20, the last year for which the figures are available. Yet there was no increase, but rather a heavy decline, in the real wealth of the country. Comparing the figures for 1913 and 1920, I find that the money value of our exports had increased immensely, but the quantities showed an equally startling falling off. Thus our exports of cotton piece goods declined from 7,000 million to 4,400 million yards, though their money value rose from 98 to 316 millions. Coal exports fell from 73 million to 25 million tons, while the value increased from 50 to 99 million pounds.

Now, as I contended in *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* last spring, there is no prospect whatever of balancing our Budgets without raising as large a total amount as we do now from income tax for many, many years to come. It does not matter how much or how little the amount brought under the review of the Commissioners may be; at least as much, and probably far more, must come into the Treasury from income tax year by year. If, through falling trade or diminished prices, the yield of each penny in the pound declines, more pennies or shillings must be added to the rate—the money must be found in any case. Such taxation would destroy all the luxury trades and leave almost all the domestic servants in the country out of employment. It would be in itself a revolution of a far-reaching character.

Yet that is what we are coming to, if an adequate scheme to meet the situation cannot be devised. No such scheme has yet been adopted by Conservatives or Liberals, either "Free" or "National." All these parties fought at the recent General Election as if no really serious financial situation faced the country, except in so far as they all joined in denouncing the Labor Party's proposal for a capital levy. It matters very little what any of them said about this scheme, for none of them brought forward what I contend is the only effective kind of answer to it—a counter-proposal equally far-reaching and equally revolutionary. However, the election showed that the country is far further advanced than the old parties. I confess I never doubted that if the Labor Party had the courage to place the capital levy in their election programme, it would cost them a good many seats which they would otherwise have won, and feared they would be tempted to shirk the issue. As things turned out, however, it is doubtful whether they lost anything electorally by their courage, while it is certain that they gained immensely in prestige and influence. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the most notable Labor gains were made by men who forced the capital levy issue most resolutely to the front. Yet the people have not yet been brought face to face with the real position. Budgets, unsound enough certainly, but sufficiently plausible to pass muster with a gullible House of Commons, wishful to avoid new taxation and prepared to assume that the post-war inflation of prices will be permanent, have deferred increases of taxation which must ultimately be necessary.

Now I do not believe that the capital levy is a satisfactory answer to the financial problem, but it is no use denouncing it as "confiscation." A large part of the wealth of the nations has been "confiscated" by the

war itself. The capital levy is merely a method of distributing a loss already incurred according to the means of those upon whom in the aggregate it should ultimately fall. For it is essential that the burden of the debt should fall practically exclusively on wealth already created, and not on that to be produced in the future. Mr. McKenna is quite right in calling 13s. in the pound an "impossible" rate of income tax for any industry to bear which has to make its way in face of the world's competition. No capitalist would start business and no efficient organizer would accept a situation in a country where his possible earnings would be charged with such an impost. The position of a person who has "made his pile" already is quite different. The capital levy or any other means of distributing the common loss simply places such a man in the same position as he would have been in if one of his investments turned out valueless, or if he had a fire in an uninsured building. It may compel him to find work, but it does nothing to discourage him by making such work unremunerative. And, nationally, the vital thing is to see that, whatever the loss to wealth already produced may be, labor and skill employed in new production shall be at least as well rewarded as in any other industrial country. If this is not the case, labor and skill can take wings and fly the land. They can emigrate; land, factories, houses, railways, and coal mines cannot. But, as I have said elsewhere, I am convinced our present position is too desperate to be cured even by the most drastic capital levy. I believe it may ultimately be found necessary to take over the land and industrial capital of the nation and to administer the country as a bankrupt estate, securing first to the actual workers at least as good a living as they would obtain anywhere else for the same classes of work, and dividing whatever annual surplus may be available among the present proprietors.

What is wanted first, however, is neither the Labor Party's nor my solution, but a thorough and unflinching study of the question by all parties in the State. This it has never yet received, either from Liberal or Tory. Quite possibly, if the question were no longer shirked, one or other might propound a method of saving industrial capitalism without repudiating the debt or strangling the nation's trade. If so, it is time they set about it. Mr. Ben Tillett has raised the question in the House. The country will soon be clamoring for an answer.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

So "Liberal reunion" is an accomplished fact. Or, at least, so much of it has been accomplished that Liberals and "National Liberals" can concoct their Parliamentary strategy together. The "joint amendment" on the Ruhr was drawn up, after an amicable pow-wow, in Mr. Lloyd George's room, and a few hours later its author had taken the floor in quite his old form, delighting the Liberals, confounding the Tories, and putting inadequate idealists like Lord Robert Cecil to open shame. There was a slip or two in the performance, such as that in which Mr. George reduced by some thousands of millions the burden that he proposed to lay on Germany's back. But there is no need to labor

trifies such as these. If Mr. George has tied Germany and Europe and this country to France's sword, it is fair to remember that he has since worked hard to undo the sword-belt. And in these days who asks a statesman to observe more than a twenty-four hours' truce with his opinions of yesterday? The great point is that Mr. George is once more "a great Liberal asset" (I think that is the correct expression). And if he is also an extremely mobile one, mobility in morals, opinions, and party attachments is all in the day's work.

I FORESEE some difficulties. Mr. George has a Parliamentary party. A proportion of these gentlemen sit in the House of Commons by virtue of their electoral pledge to the Conservative organization not to embarrass the Bonar Law Government. What the precise worth of this pilgrims' scrip may be at this moment I should not like to say—probably about the value of the mark. But, in fact, the whole party was elected on or by Tory votes. Is it, therefore, free to vote an Amendment to the Address whose success must have forced Mr. Law either to resign or to reconstruct his Government? These are matters beyond my ken. While they are being considered, the directors of Liberalism might also think of the gain that will accrue to them if they face the world of serious people loaded up with Mr. George's policies, commitments, and extravagances all over the world, his countless errors of judgment, opinion, and statement, and his still wider variation from the average purities and fidelities of political life.

LORD ROBERT CECIL's speech has, no doubt, disappointed his friends, who, after all, stand for the better political thought of the country, and look to him not as a leader in action so much as an intellectual and moral guide. It was an indecisive speech, and such an utterance does seem to fall below the need of the hour. But when I read of Mr. Lloyd George administering Lord Robert a rebuke in the ethical strain, I feel much as if, having been in the flesh about 1220 A.D., I had in that state listened to some fly-by-night of Assisi chastizing the spiritual inertia of St. Francis. Lord Robert took, I think, an over-cautious view of the policy of invoking the League as a means of moral intervention in the catastrophe of the Ruhr. The situation in the Ruhr is so fearful, the Government's touch upon it so gingerly, and the call for moral pressure on France so urgent, that one cannot lightly dismiss an appeal to the only moral or semi-moral agent that Europe has left to it. But the argument that France will not listen now, and that if she is pressed to-day and turns the League down, it will have lost its power of effective action later, is not, I know, held by Lord Robert only. It is shared by other close and competent observers. Doubtless, too, Lord Robert is drawn more and more into the conservative frame of mind. That is not unnatural. The way to action to the Left was barred him at the moment, just before the Election, when he offered to take it. He may think that the one vocation left him is to liberalize the Conservative Party, resisting, as he is well able to resist, both the

common views and the sensational methods of the Coalitionist mind, and strengthening the rather timid but honest progressive instincts of the Prime Minister. Well, even that choice is not a subject for coarse railly.

I BELIEVE it to be as hopeless *merely* to talk to the French as to whisper in the ears of the stone deaf. However liberal, fair, and right-minded our appeal may be, they will not listen. Having failed to bring Germany into a state of vassalage, the existing rulers of France, and the public opinion which they form through the most venal and the best-regimented Press in Europe, are fixed in their resolve to reduce Germany to the French level of territory and population, or, rather, below it; and they will applaud any means, however cruel or anarchic, which brings them nearer this end. They mean to use and abuse the Treaty for their ends, and have no regard for any other. In that process they either practise a deception or have it practised on them. France is in financial distress because her people will not pay taxes, and prefer to keep their Government poor while they remain rich. They are, in fact (and one is glad to know it), the most prosperous community in Europe, or perhaps in the world. During the war they made scores of millions out of the British and American armies by charging them top prices for everything, including the French soil they were defending. And this acquisitive, prudent folk, who hate taxation, have been told that Germany can be made to pay their taxes for them. How get through this barrier?

THERE is another reason why France stops her ears. The most powerful forces behind the raid in the Ruhr are not political, but economic, and M. Poincaré, who was for years the advocate of the metallurgical group, is at the back of them. There would have been no incursion into the Ruhr if the Comité des Forges could have brought off its deal for getting a 51 per cent. control of the Westphalian industries, leaving us out in the cold. The Germans communicated this plot to our Government, and as a result the anti-British feeling of the worthy directors of French finance and politics (whose special organ is the "Temps") comes next to their anti-German fury.

No; the one thing that will bring the French Government to reason is failure in the Ruhr, and it is in the interest of France, no less than of Europe and ourselves, that failure should come sooner rather than later. It is clear that her military opinion is alarmed, and not without cause, over the leaving of a force of 60,000 men in the air in the midst of an incensed population, and with an unsecured line of communications and retreat. "Nous allons occuper la Ruhr," Foch is reported to have said the other day, "et la Ruhr va nous occuper." Soon there will have to be mobilization, and mobilization will be neither easy nor popular. Then there is Belgium. Belgium did not relish going into the Ruhr, and she likes her job still less now that she sees what the occupation involves. I am told that nearly all the Belgian civil officials in the

occupied territory, and many of the military ones, dislike the French methods and disbelieve in their success.

I MET Mr. Cosgrave during his stay in London, and was impressed, as everyone is impressed, with his sturdy, cheerful character, his firmness and courage, and his ability, amid the dangers and anxieties of his daily life, to speak of them at ease and with humor. He seemed to be reasonably confident about the future. Undoubtedly there is a solid and a widening ground of hope. Steadily the area of unlicensed outrage diminishes. Clare, for example, may now be called a quiet, orderly community, and in Tipperary and Cork there are rather pockets of disorder than wide tracts of it. In this situation the Government keeps firm and cool, making no overtures to anarchy, but receiving them. Its defensive forces are morally more restrained than they were and better disciplined; and they are being supplemented more and more by voluntary concerted action. And that, I judge, is a capital improvement.

THE Speaker has made a very sensible accommodation to the Labor Party as to attendance at the Levées. He has informed them that the doubtful adornment of Court dress may be dispensed with, and that members are merely required to come in their best coats, of the morning or the evening variety.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE MORAL FACTOR.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE: 'You may break up Germany. Who gains by that?'

"SIR FREDERICK BANBURY: 'We do.'"

THERE is a large, indeed a prevailing, school of politicians and journalists who think that they have put human society on a sound foundation when they have declared, or proclaimed by their actions, that it has no moral basis whatever. Commerce and industry (the supply of man's material needs) depend, they say, upon profit. Politics, the regulating of his life as a citizen of a State and of the world, is an affair of short-range interest, and more and more of purely economic interest. Ethical considerations they discard. Justice is of no account. Magnanimity, pity, generosity, and the oblivion of injuries are set aside, no less than the intellectual virtues of probity, far-sightedness, moderation, and consideration for weakness or for defeat. The things that count are numbers, organization, money and the coercive power of money, force and its apparent victory over ideas. Thus not only the Christian graces and attitude of mind disappear from the conduct of public life. Pagan morality is not one whit more regarded. The thought that the gods punish the overweeningness of men makes for as little as the finer precept that we should forgive as we hope to be forgiven.

The case of France is typical of this practical Atheism of our time. She is in some respects the most civilized country in the world. But her public ethic is

that of the tribal barbarian. Has she an enemy? All that can be done with enemies that are down is to beat them to a jelly. Friends and helpers are for use in necessity, and for disregard and contumely when the need is gone. Pass from the precepts of ideal or prudential morality to the practice of the civilized order. Europe has grown up under a gradually developing system of Public Right, to the enthronement of which the Great War was formally dedicated. An offender against this code, having been beaten by arms and the use of idealistic argument, is regarded as the proper subject of Force, and Force alone. Since Rome levelled Carthage to the ground, no such instrument of vengeance as the Treaty of Versailles was ever launched against a beaten foe.

But the Treaty was not enough for France. The moment it had been signed the French Penelope resumed the task, which she had pursued unremittingly during the Conference,\* of weaving into it her design of reducing Germany, by famine, annexation, and tribute, below the level of her own population and resources. Her action in the Ruhr Valley is merely the execution of the plans of Millerand, Clemenceau, Foch, Poincaré, and Tardieu, and all specious falsehood to the contrary may be ignored. For it is safe to say that the French invasion of the Ruhr is a breach not only of the Versailles Treaty, but of all Treaties and of all Treaty law. If one party to a general contract can proceed in contemptuous disregard of its associates, and in return for a trifling shortage of promised goods (alleged to be accidental or inevitable) can invade its neighbor with a great army, rob her of goods, money, house-room, railway stock, bully and imprison her magistrates, beat and kill her citizens, destroy her trade, threaten her whole population with starvation, and exercise all the harsh functions of her native Government and none of its beneficent ones, then all nations that covet their neighbors' goods, as France covets Germany's, can take them, tearing up not merely one scrap or two of Treaty paper, but the entire system and practice of international contract. All and more than Germany did in 1914, France has done in 1923, by the simple process of calling war peace, and a Treaty a licence to commit burglary at large.

But France is not the only Power responsible for the doings in the Ruhr. If Germany is powerless to resist by force the wrongs which France is inflicting on her subjects in the Ruhr, her weakness is the act not only of France but of Great Britain. We may well think that in disarming Germany and leaving France (now, as heretofore, the most military nation in the world) armed to the teeth, Mr. George committed an error unexampled in our statesmanship. None the less that action laid on us a moral obligation we cannot evade. We fought and made peace, not to substitute France for Germany as the predominant military Power in Europe, but to abolish the overweening use of force and to replace it by the rule of equity. Our return is to see France overrunning Germany just as she did under Louis XIV. and Napoleon I., and as she would have done, if she could, under Napoleon III. Thus our national no less than our moral purpose has suffered defeat. Things are not better than they were before the war, they are worse; for now that the policy of the Balance of great armed Powers is gone, rapacity finds itself relieved of the prudential restraints

\* See especially Volume II. of Mr. Baker's invaluable book, "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement." (Heinemann.)

governing it from 1870 to 1914. There is no arbitration, though, as Mr. Butler clearly showed in the debate on the Ruhr amendment, the Treaty provides a reference to an "impartial" arbitrator in cases in which the Reparations Commission fails, on a point of interpretation, to come to a unanimous decision. There is no peace; but rather a kind of bailiff's war. There is no public law; for France is a law to herself. Yet we, a fairly moderate political people, desire to see law and peace, and the rule of arbitration, restored.

Now something new has arrived on this eventful scene, and it is full of hope. That is the passive resistance of the German people. *As yet*, Germany has not answered physical force by physical force; and one devoutly hopes that she never will. But if Britain is wise she will regard Germany's abstinence from violent retort on the French invasion as a gesture to which she should instantly respond. It is a reprieve, but not a final deliverance; nor, if political France has any power to read her own history in Germany's, will she lightly drive Germany into a patriot war. If we are rightly informed, the idealism of the German people has been born again in the belief in moral force as the true answer to physical violence. As in Shelley's picture of the injured British workmen of a hundred years ago, they stand "calm and resolute," looking to the "laws of their own land," and obstructing but not attacking the foreign imposition. Here then is the first important application to politics of the Christian precept of non-resistance, and of an ethical idea implanted in the deeper consciousness of mankind, no less than in the daily practice of the best men and women. If it wins, the world moves up to a higher plane. But it may not win. It may yield to French provocation or sink under the miseries of hunger and unemployment. To-day it gives Europe a pause, which this country is honorably bound to use for the purpose of mediation.

Such a gesture would be of small avail unless it were accompanied by a surrender of our share of the excessive and unnecessary spoils of war, and by an offer to use with Germany, in French interests, the influence we have acquired with her as the result of our greater moderation in the period succeeding the peace. But not a moment should be lost. France is heading straight for disaster, and yet there is no form of physical restraint which we can or ought to apply to her. But moral force remains, including that kind of moral force which economic pressure supplies. France, which, like the unjust servant in the parable, has taken her German debtor by the throat, and "cast him into prison till he should pay," is herself a suppliant for relief from the debt that she owes to us. If she resists such a recall to reason and fair dealing, it is within the right and the power of England to invoke against her those Laws which, little as our world of cheap journalism and timid, unbelieving statesmanship may think so, bind the destinies of men as strongly as they bound the soul of the great Athenian. It is to them that our appeal should be made. Let England, as Mr. Snowden well said, mobilize the moral opinion of Europe, addressing herself, in a Note of solemn warning and remonstrance, not to France only, but to the civilized conscience. France will not listen? She cannot avoid listening; for she is a part, and an important and sensitive part, of the civilized order; and her self-banishment from it would be a far worse defeat than she suffered at Sedan.

H. W. M.

### THE SPIRIT OF WONDER.

A YOUNG man of our acquaintance, whose thoughts are not usually or even frequently solemn, stopped us in the street, and, instead of giving us a description of the last football match, which his zest can always convert into a momentous and dazzling affair, he remarked darkly, "They've opened the tomb."

For several stunned seconds—in which the shadow of a nameless horror loomed, a tragedy which till that accidental moment had been withheld from us—we stared at him. What did he know? "But," he added, "if they pinched his roast duck and his crown and his memorial wreath, I think they might have let old Tutan stay where he was put, don't you? How should we like to be in the 'Daily Mirror,' even after death? Frightful, I call it. Funny thing for death to have such a rotten sting after 3,000 years, don't you think?"

So that was all. The tragedy was ancient dust. Probably not since the parting of Alice from Jumbo has the public been so deeply moved by news which does not appear to be relevant to anything which concerns common knowledge and opinion, for archaeology is so evidently a subject which an energetic news editor would ridicule as the very opposite of what he desired. He knows nothing about it, his editor knows no more, and for his readers it does not exist. Yet not only the public, but the journalists who have unfolded the long story of the digging of the relics out of the sands of Egypt, have been moved by the spirit of wonder. It was easy to tell that from the wording of the despatches; the symptomatic incoherent rapture of the wonder-stricken was there, the compulsion to write when words were felt to be not enough. The emotion was obviously genuine. "There stands . . . an elaborate and magnificently carved and gilded shrine of indescribable beauty. It is surmounted by tiers of sacred serpents, and its sides are protected by open-armed goddesses of finest workmanship, their pitiful faces turned over their shoulders towards the invader. This is no less than the receptacle for the canopic jars which should contain the four chief internal organs of the King."

Useless to expect that even a king's chief internal organs would be sacrosanct enough to repel modern curiosity, even when the organs are protected by the pitying glances of goddesses turned in reproach on the noisy intruders from the twentieth century. The goddesses were unaware that we are not so religious as were the ancient Egyptians. We do not stand in such awe of the valley of the shadow, and at the same time have even less respect for life than the people of the Pharaohs. Nor can we be so certain of immortality. It is true it was as difficult for a poor Egyptian to attain immortality as it is for some folk in this country to live without work. Eternal bliss was then the perquisite of wealth and position. Of course, anybody might have it, just as there is no law in this country to-day against any of us owning a palace and a deer-park, if we want them and can get them. Some do not want them, but more cannot get them. And though to all Egyptians, rich and poor, life after death may have seemed desirable, yet it depended on not a few indispensable conditions, which, as usual, only the rich man could afford. In that the wealthy and powerful Egyptian had an advantage over our Hardface of to-day. Because Pharaoh could command a time on earth after his own heart, he could command it in heaven, for his priests and lackeys could preserve his internal organs in jars, ready for refunctioning; make his body at least as like humanity as mutton in cold storage is like a sheep; put all securely away within a secret recess of a mountain of stone, so to be beyond profane interference; surround

his body with the pleasant things which make life, mortal and otherwise, worth having; cover the walls of the secret tomb with advice and directions for the sleeper, so that when he awoke he would not fail to make the right move on the road to bliss except through folly; close the entrance to the sleeping-place with a great rock, and Pharaoh was happy for ever, because, in a last subtlety of prudence, on his feet were inscribed the symbols of his enemies, so that he could tread on them even when he strolled through the better land. Now, Hardface, though as confident of his power as Pharaoh, has not so great an assurance of fortunate immortality. He does not, though he might, make a contract with a cold storage company, which would secure that his body should remain as frozen as it was in life so long as the engines run, where, surrounded by his pass-books, title-deeds, guns, honors and decorations, grouse, foxes and dogs, gillies, sycophants, and lounge chairs, he could, all complete, await Gabriel's alarm. Time has worked its revenge. So far as immortality is concerned, the rich to-day are no better off than the unemployed, and perhaps it is the certainty of that which intensifies our desperation to make the most of what we have while it is day, for the night cometh which instinct tells us cannot be lightened with grave-side stores of roast duck and the other delectable evidence of mortal opulence. Happy Tutankhamen!

Yet how unhappy now! Our frantic curiosity, which has driven us to find the means to listen to a stranger coughing in New York, has dismantled Tutankhamen's abracadabra by which he secured his continuance throughout eternity. We have broken his magic spell. He is now dead. Of eternity he secured but 3,000 meagre years. The magic which sustained his soul and his person and kept his rank in the spirit-world has been dissolved, and now he is nothing. No wonder it is reported of the first explorer who entered last Saturday the royal tomb that "the electric torch trembled in his hand"! That nervous intruder was severing a mystic bond, he was dropping an immortal soul into old night to merge with the formless shades of the utterly forgotten! Trembling was but decent of him. And dare we be quite sure that the priests of Osiris knew less of the mysteries than the Houses of Convocation or the Congregational Union? Was there less wisdom in Memphis than there is in Lambeth Palace?

Yet it is possible that the most extraordinary thing in all this excitement over the opening of the tomb is just the excitement. Will someone explore the dark of the human mind (risking the trembling of the torch), where are buried much greater marvels than in the sands of Egypt, and disclose the secret, which may be 100,000 years old, which will explain why millions of people stood with gaping lips to learn what the pick-axes and shovels were disclosing last week? For on any day during the past fifty years any London editor could have found in the British Museum masses of material for exactly the kind of romance which now, exultingly, Fleet Street is describing as "special" or "exclusive." A great storehouse is there, loaded with similar treasure, free to all, and waiting only to be called into headlines and life. But no reporter is ever to be seen exploring in it, except to mock the dry bones he cannot conjure into life. If at any time, say, during those happy dog-days when the Ruhr was undiscovered to the world, and there was nothing more exciting than the seasonable controversy on "Are Women Worse than Men?" in the "Daily Telegraph," a writer had ventured to suggest to a London news editor a serial story

on Egyptology, the hall porter would have been discharged for admitting a lunatic. The joke would have been passed round the staff. The Press Club would have shouted over it gaily that night. Tombs! "I suppose, you know, he thought we were the 'Daily Funeral Furnisher.'" There are deeper mysteries, evidently, than those held by the cemeteries of the Nile.

### A GHOST'S RETURN.

JENA, FEBRUARY 11TH.

PEOPLE often wish they could return to this world many years after death, just to see how things are going on. It is generally set aside as a sentimental or futile desire, but really, for many of us, the experiment is not difficult. One has only to have been at a university and to have lived sixty years—quite common conditions. Return to the university after an interval of forty years, and the thing is done. The generations of university life are brief—three years or four years at most. After forty years you look upon the world that you once knew, with ten or twelve generations added. You have become a blessed ghost, and can wander about unknown and almost unseen. With spiritualized feelings, you peer into a world which is new, and yet comprehensible. Against a background of half-remembered associations, such as always throw a benign radiance over the past, you watch the course of life moving onward without a pause, and to some extent you can judge in what directions it is likely to move further. It is an encouraging experience.

Nearly forty years have passed since I was a student in Jena, and now, for the first time since then, I am here again. Not a living creature remembers me, or even remembers the time when I was here. Except, perhaps, a withered old horse which crawled with me from the station and appeared to recognize a coeval with his whitened eye. For, owing to the expense of fodder, he is almost the only horse that has been spared, I suppose in pity for his age. Haeckel has gone—the great Haeckel, Rector of the University, whose lectures I always attended, not that I knew anything about morphology, but simply in admiration of his personality and manner. The philosopher Liebmam has gone, one may hope to solve those metaphysical problems which he tried in vain to teach me to solve. The Professor of Literature, whose very name I have forgotten, has gone, and all that remains of him is his admirable course on Goethe, still lingering in my mind. The old Karl Zeiss has gone, and so apparently has his son, to whom I taught English. But the name of Zeiss certainly has its memorial in the vast optical factory which is known throughout the world for the perfection of its glasses, and for its experiment in organization that benefits both its workpeople and the whole town.

The genius of Zeiss and of his partner, Ernst Abbe, who made his way up from the workman's bench, has transformed the surroundings of this beautiful place. Villas and model workmen's dwellings have spread far up the valleys, and even up the familiar hills—the Fuchs Thurm, where students kindled the beacon on St. John's Eve; the Forst, which it was thought an almost heroic exertion for students to climb; the idyllic Ziegenhain village, famed for "white beer"; and the Landgrafenberg, up which Napoleon dragged his guns and marched his Grand Army of 85,000 men in the French invasion of Germany previous to the present invasion. The growth of the town, owing to the same Zeiss genius, has swept away the beautiful old grey bridge over the Saale, and built a wide structure of yellow stone in its place. The little inn across the

bridge, in which Goethe wrote the "Erlkönig," has become rather dubious, but I think still stands.

A great new building, also of yellow stone, has arisen on the Fürstengraben, adjoining the old University, of which it is the extension. But the old building still serves; and the house next to it, where I lodged as a student, still stands. I never supposed in those days that I should come to lecture in those familiar University rooms. But I had hardly arrived when the "Lector" in modern English invited me to speak to his students in my own tongue. And they appeared to understand all I said about our literature, politics, and social conditions to-day. Some of the students were women, and their presence marked a change. There were no women students in my time, though Haeckel once told me of the great difficulty he had in excluding a Russian woman who tried to insist upon studying medicine. Now there are about 500 women out of the total of some 2,700 students, and most of them study medicine. Of the men, the great majority take one branch or other of the vast subject called "Philosophy," which includes Natural Science. A good many study Law, a good many Medicine. I am told that only seventy or eighty study Theology. You remember that Faust in his opening soliloquy says, "Now I have studied Philosophy, Law, Medicine, and Theology too—more's the pity!" ("Und leider auch Theologie!") That *leider* appears to be an opinion shared by the students of to-day.

As in old times, the students still band themselves together in Clubs or Societies. To make a *Verein* is as natural to the German as forming a Committee is to the English. The Corps with their red or blue or variegated caps are still carried on. Duelling is forbidden by law. It always was forbidden by law. But it was always practised by members of the Corps, and it is practised still. When I was here, duelling with the pointed foil was almost the only form of sport, and but for it I used to think the students of the wealthier classes would die of beer and fat. I have the glory of having introduced the first real football here, in place of a leather bag stuffed with straw, which boys used to kick about, without any rules. In Weimar, ten miles away, I also introduced tennis, and both tennis and football are played by the students now with great enthusiasm. Or were played until the recent disasters reduced the whole country to poverty. At present, large numbers of the students, even in the fashionable Corps, have to work with their hands in order to pay the University expenses, small though those are. The Zeiss Foundation (*Stiftung*) pays some of the expenses for the very poor, as it adds to the absurd salaries of the professors, just to keep them alive under the terrible fall of the mark. But many students serve as workmen during the Long Vacation, and some even in Term time—not a good method, I think. For though it is practised in America, the students become easily exhausted by the double labor of body and mind.

In opinion the Corps students are naturally Nationalist or even Monarchist, though they no longer look to the Hohenzollerns. It is more significant that a strong Nationalism is spreading among the general body of students, owing, of course, to the persecution of their unarmed and helpless country by France; owing also to the well-founded belief that all the promises made by the Allies, including England and America, have been disregarded, and that nothing but violence avails in the world. On the other hand, to my surprise I find posted on the University notice-board, at the very gate of the new building, an announcement of a meeting to be held by the "Academic Democratic Workmen's Union." And, still more strangely, beside

it is posted a placard concerning the "German Pacifist Students' Club." Neither body is strong, and the present aggressive policy of France inclines nearly all students to the Nationalist and Militarist side. But what would have happened to students who had dared to form such societies when I was here? On the whole, I find much that is encouraging to a ghost who revisits the glimpses of the moon. The continuity of a great nation's spirit is encouraging, but so is the change.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

## Communications.

### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS AS TO PEACE.

*To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.*

SIR,—Question: How can we get peace?

Answer: In the same way as we get bread and butter; that is, by paying the price asked for it.

Question: What is the price of peace with Turkey?

Answer: (1) Withdraw our troops and warships from Constantinople and the Dardanelles and leave her alone. This would save us £30,000,000 a year. (2) Withdraw our troops from Mesopotamia (Irak). In order not to leave Feisal, the Arabs, and others, in the lurch, we must make an agreement with Turkey to pay her £1,000,000 a year so long as she treats the Arabs and other peoples in the Turkish Empire according to the terms of an agreement to be made with her.

Mr. Churchill's estimate of our expenses in Mesopotamia for next year is £6,000,000. So we should save another £5,000,000 a year.

We have nothing to gain by quarrelling with the Turks, a brave and honorable nation, who desire our friendship, and were our friends for centuries, until we allied ourselves with Russia, then her deadly enemy, now her ally.

We must not send warships into the Black Sea trap. The Turks could easily make the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles impassable. We do not want "the capitulations." A British merchant or shipowner would prefer a Turkish Court to that of the Greeks or French.

A British army at Mosul or Bagdad would be in an untenable position.

Townshend and his army were taken prisoners at Kut, below Bagdad, and this when an enormous Russian army was hammering the Turks, who, at the same time, defeated a vast British army and fleet assisted by the French at the Dardanelles.

With the Russians and French neutral, we could not hold even Bagdad, except by a war costing, say, £2,000,000,000, in a most unhealthy country.

Prudence demands our immediate withdrawal.

We must allow the Persians complete financial freedom, so as to make good their independence.

By these means we shall consolidate the British Empire, the safety of which has been threatened by reckless and altogether silly adventures.

Question: What is the price of maintaining peace between France, Germany, and ourselves?

Answer: We must lend a helping hand to both those great countries, who are in great need of our aid. France demanded a defensible frontier—the Rhine—all the way from Switzerland to Holland. America and Britain refused this demand, but offered a joint guarantee to defend France by sea and land if she was attacked by Germany. The American Parliament rejected the guarantee; then the British withdrew; so France considers she is not secure.

France desires financial assistance; we tell her she owes us £600,000,000, so she goes to the Ruhr to get security and coal. This is not peace, but war. It is ruinous to Germany, unprofitable for France, and ultimately a serious blow to the British trade.

To make peace we must set a good example by acting according to our professions.

(1) We must give France our guarantee to defend her against an attack by Germany, and must try to get Italy,

Spain, and Scandinavia to join us. This will give France a feeling of security.

(2) We must forgive France her debt to us.

(3) We must guarantee her the payment of £2,500,000,000 by Germany by annual instalments in sixty years, with interest at 5 per cent. on the unpaid balance, and, if necessary, pay this interest ourselves till Germany has recovered sufficiently to carry the burden. Germany will regard this as a debt of honor to us.

(4) In return for our military and financial guarantees, France and Belgium must withdraw their armies entirely from Germany, and leave that country entirely free from any further interference or Treaty obligations of any kind.

(5) The British entered into the war to defend France, not for plunder of any kind, so we must restore to Germany the colonies we have taken from her, return to her nationals their private property or equivalent value (Germany reciprocating), decline to take further Reparations, and withdraw our army from Germany. These measures will restore German finance.

As to Russia, we must recognize the *de facto* Government of that country, and allow it a credit of £100,000,000 a year for three years to pay for British goods, coal, and manufactures. In three years' time Russia would have recovered sufficiently to begin the repayment of our loan, which she will regard as a debt of honor. We must not ask for any repayment of money lent to the Czar's Government. We ought to give similar assistance to Poland and Hungary.

By these means we shall make peace and prosperity in Europe.

Our men and women will all have full employment at good wages; all our works will be filled with orders for the next twenty years. We shall have made friends with all peoples, dried the tears of millions of women and children, and filled the breasts of 250,000,000 people with hope and confidence.

The pessimist, of course, will say: "Very nice, but we can't afford it."

But the pessimist is mistaken, as usual.

For the war we sacrificed 1,000,000 men killed, another 1,000,000 crippled, and spent £12,000,000,000.

The purpose of the British people was honorable and noble; our men acted with a heroism never surpassed in any time or country.

Now to complete our work, to make good our professions, cannot we afford these guarantees? Of course, we can. These guarantees will cost us nothing really, because we shall be saved the maintenance of the unemployed, their well-directed labor will be enormously profitable, increasing our national income by £500,000,000 a year, and having established a real peace we can reduce the cost of our Navy, Army, and Civil Service.

In such a cause the British Bondholder might agree to a reduction of interest, say, from 5 per cent. down to 4 per cent.

By offering a sacrifice we shall make a profit. That is the way the world works. We shall have done more than helping the world financially, and earning the gratitude of suffering nations; we shall have raised the tone and character of the British people—the most important asset in the Balance Sheet of our great Empire.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

## Letters to the Editor.

### SIR ALMROTH WRIGHT ON HIS WORK.

SIR.—Many friends have been writing to tell me that the Enemy has sowed tares, and that the field where I sowed good seed is already overgrown with weeds.

I would wish your readers to apprehend that these are none of my sowing. They could hardly be; for it was only the day before yesterday that I completed the planting of my seed in its proper earth—the Scientific Journals—and its first green blade will not be above the ground until this has come into the hand of your readers.

Also I would wish to suggest to those who have adjured me "to dissociate myself from these blasphemous untruths,"

that we had much better let the wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest.

For it is but lost labor to go and gather up the latter from fields where fresh seeds of error will infallibly be sown and grow. And that is bound to happen so long as mankind accepts as instructors in medicine those who are prepared to teach without adequate study, without sense of responsibility, without equipment of intellectual morality, and without reverence for the work of Pasteur, and gratitude for that of Jenner and Lister.—Yours, &c.,

ALMROTH E. WRIGHT.

### SHAW ON JENNER.

SIR.—In his article published in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of February 10th, Mr. G. B. Shaw says: "Dr. Walter Hadwen of Gloucester . . . wiped the floor with the fallacies, the spurious claims, the savage tyrannies, and the shameless mendacities, positive as well as suppressive, that produced the reaction against vaccination. . . ." Let us see how some of the "positive" assertions of Dr. Hadwen and his pupil, Mr. Shaw, compare with actual facts. On January 3rd, in one of his anti-vaccination articles in "Truth," Dr. Hadwen declared: "It has been possible, within the last few weeks, for a gigantic scare to be got up in the interests of vaccination on the ground of an altogether insignificant outbreak of smallpox almost entirely confined to one East-End workhouse . . ." and, "whenever smallpox comes, it is promptly and easily dealt with, and fails to spread beyond a limited time and area." Following in his wake, Mr. Shaw, in his "Jenner" article in your issue of February 3rd, says: "The centenary of Jenner's death is being celebrated amid a smallpox scare caused by forty cases in a population of forty millions, provoking grim smiles . . ." Unless the authorities quoted below are also guilty of "shameless mendacities," the following figures prove that neither Dr. Hadwen nor Mr. Shaw can be taken seriously. On November 28th, the Chairman of the Infectious Hospitals Committee reported that since the present outbreak (London) there had been admitted to the hospital sixty-seven cases—twenty-two of whom died. At the end of December, the "Daily Mail" announced that smallpox was present in twenty-eight towns and villages in eleven counties of England and Wales, and that during the past fifteen weeks there had been 116 notifications in Derbyshire, 105 in Yorkshire, 26 in Nottinghamshire, &c.; and a few days since the same paper reported a further increase in Doncaster, making ninety-three cases there during the present outbreak.

Mr. Shaw speaks of the "terrible and unanswerable Hadwen" throwing fresh fuel "on the smouldering fury of Labor against medical tyranny and vaccinal dividends." It would ill become a layman to attempt controverting the *opinions* expressed by a medical man like Dr. Hadwen, or those of an individual possessed of the super-medical knowledge of Mr. Shaw, but the "terrible Hadwen" is more easily answered on questions of fact than Mr. Shaw imagines. Further discrediting mistakes occur in the "Truth" articles. Exigencies of space forbid mention now of more than one—a particularly glaring example. Dr. Hadwen wrote: "No European country has had such severe vaccination laws as Germany. They started in 1834, and enforced continual revaccinations. Yet in 1871-2 smallpox carried off no fewer than 124,948 in Prussia alone." Practically the whole force of Dr. Hadwen's argument is defeated by the fact, vouched for by our Ministry of Health, that revaccination, so far from being compulsory prior to 1871-2, as stated by Dr. Hadwen, "was made compulsory in the civil population of Prussia and in the German States by law in 1874." Examining the average yearly deaths from smallpox per 100,000 of population, one finds that for the five years before the introduction of compulsory revaccination in Prussia the deaths amounted to 113.2, falling to a yearly average of 1.8 for the five years thereafter! Berlin was also 1.8 in this latter period, while London (with no compulsory revaccination) was 28.8.

These instances of misstatement of facts serve to show that the "smouldering fury of Labor," mentioned by Mr. Shaw, has been fed with fuel of a very questionable nature.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES J. PAGE.

3, Westcliff Mansions, Eastbourne.

SIR.—Mr. Shaw contends that vaccination is of no value and useless. Many will remember that this subject was investigated by a Royal Commission many years ago. This inquiry began in 1889, and the Final Report (C.—8270) was issued in 1896. A great mass of evidence was examined, and the Majority Report concluded that vaccination diminished the liability to attack, that it modifies the character of the disease, renders it less fatal, and the protection lasts generally for nine or ten years (p. 99).

The opponents of vaccination were represented on the Commission by Dr. (now Sir) William J. Collins and the late Mr. J. Allanson Picton. In their Minority Report they admitted that vaccination was of some value as a protective; on p. 182 they state as follows:—

"It would appear from the foregoing facts that while shortly after vaccination there may be a certain amount of immunity or antagonism to the influence of renewed vaccination, or inoculation with smallpox, and therefore, it may be argued, to the natural disease, this soon wears off, perhaps more rapidly in some than in others."

It is clear that they admitted it was of some value as a protective, but differed from the majority as to the duration of the immunity.

Mr. Shaw, in his second article, touches on Listerian surgery, and states that before that era a wound would heal in a fortnight or a month, but if treated in Lister's way could never heal at all, or that it might heal in a year or two.

I maintain that no fact in modern surgery is more firmly established than the fact that, under the new system, wounds heal in ten days or a fortnight, and frequently do not require touching till the dressing is removed. Further, a large number of operations are daily performed which, under the old system, would be madness to attempt, and thus thousands of lives are saved annually.

The Carrel-Dakin system of treating septic wounds has saved our soldiers much suffering, and has shortened their time spent in hospital.

The influence of Lister has been world-wide, and his system has brought health and longer life to millions of our fellow men.—Yours, &c.,

W. BLACK JONES.

#### LIBERAL REUNION.

SIR.—With some of your remarks on this topic, in your issue of the 17th inst., I find myself in complete agreement. From others I venture to dissent.

It seems to me that Liberal reunion is a condition precedent to any *rapprochement* with the Labor Party, if only for the very practical reason that if the former remain divided—and, therefore, weak—the latter will regard it as not worth bothering about. (Of course, that does not mean reunion on any terms.) One notices with pleasure the efforts at reunion in Parliament, but one is inclined to think that, at present, the movement had better come from the country. In those few constituencies where there are both an Independent Liberal and a National Liberal organization, let them see if they cannot, without any sacrifice of principle, come together. In others, whatever the local Liberal Association may call itself, let those Liberals outside it see whether they cannot, with a good conscience, join it.

As you rightly recognize, any discussion on Liberal reunion must embrace a consideration of Mr. Lloyd George. Personally, I am not prepared, as yet, to rule him out of the Party, the less so as his speech on the Ruhr question, in the House this week, seems to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and his energy and eloquence will be a valuable asset to Liberalism when the electors have forgotten—and the public memory is very short—his mistakes of 1918-1922.

I would, however, make one reservation. Mr. Lloyd George's career shows, to my mind, that his best work is done when he is second-in-command.

While writing, may I add a word in reference to "Wayfarer's" remarks on the Whitechapel Election? To describe Mr. Gosling as a statesman and Mr. Kiley as a local member seems to me to be an absurd exaggeration.

I will not dogmatize as to which is the abler man, but "Wayfarer" has overlooked one important consideration. At the moment, one of the most urgent needs for the revival

of trade is the repeal of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and Mr. Kiley is far more qualified than Mr. Gosling to expose the absurdities and evils of that measure.

Further, Mr. Kiley was the unanimous choice of the local Liberal Association. Therefore it was not merely proper for, but—if he could spare the time—incumbent upon Sir John Simon (or any other Liberal M.P.) to support that choice.—Yours, &c.,

A LEEDS RADICAL.

#### SIR HUGH LANE'S FRENCH PICTURES.

SIR.—My friend Mr. Lennox Robinson does not state in what respect my letter to you on this subject displays signs of "crude ignorance," and therefore I am unable either to admit or refute his charge. I am astonished by it, because Mr. Robinson particularly is in a position to know that certain Senators of the Irish Free State, themselves describable as works of art, dare not now reside in Dublin lest they should be dismembered by their admiring countrymen. Why these Senators should wish to send irreplaceable pictures to Dublin when they themselves dare not go there, I cannot understand.

The state to which the Southern Irish mind has been reduced by the conditions of violence in which Southern Irishmen now live could hardly be more clearly exemplified than it has been by Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson declares that "we believe the pictures belong to us by moral right; what we do with them when we get them is entirely our own affair." The moral right to them is, I think, dubious. When a man changes his mind so often as Sir Hugh Lane changed his, one is entitled to assume that the latest change known to us was not necessarily the final one, especially when he omitted, in spite of urgent pleas by his nearest friends and relatives, to perform the small legal ceremony which would have made the codicil indisputable. Sir Hugh still omitted to do this even when he set out on a dangerous journey across the Atlantic in war-time. There is every warrant, in these circumstances, for assuming that he was not quite sure in his own mind that he wished Dublin to have the pictures. On the only occasion on which I met him, he expressed himself to me with some asperity about his countrymen, and particularly the arty-and-crafty people in Dublin!

It is not on that point, however, that I wish to address you. It is Mr. Robinson's amazing declaration that "what we do with them [the pictures] when we get them is entirely our own affair." I cannot believe that Mr. Robinson, a man of generous and sensitive mind, really has the views of a pawnbroker about works of art. Does anybody, outside the ranks of profiteers, believe that a man who has bought or inherited or been given a work of art is entitled to do what he likes with it: to preserve it or to destroy it as he pleases? If Mr. Robinson believes this, then what are likely to be the views of his less punctilious compatriots? If we cannot trust Mr. Robinson with the pictures, because he claims the right to do what he likes with them, how can we trust such high-minded heroes as the seven armed gentlemen who lately slew Dr. O'Higgins, an old, unarmed man of seventy? I can well believe that murder and destruction have become such commonplaces in Ireland now that even Mr. Robinson regards them as part of the day's trivial round; but, in spite of my "crude ignorance," I still regard murder as murder, and the destruction of a man's home because you do not agree with his opinions as a criminal act; and I am unwilling to run the risk of having irreplaceable pictures destroyed for the honor and glory of Mr. de Valera. You, sir, will find something staggering in the proposal of Mr. S. C. Harrison that not only should the Lane pictures be handed over to the Irish Free State, but also that a substantial share of the pictures in the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the British Museum, and South Kensington Museum, should also be handed over to it, in view of Mr. Robinson's plea that his countrymen shall be allowed to do what they like with them. For my part, I shall continue to regard all works of art as the property of mankind, which, since they cannot physically be possessed by all mankind, shall be entrusted only to those who will safely guard them.—Yours, &c.,

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Westminster, S.W.1.

## BIRTH CONTROL.

SIR.—As a disinterested, if not a reluctant, spectator of the proceedings at the Sessions House, may I add a few comments to the discussion now in progress?

What must have struck the detached observer more than anything else was the hopelessness of the appeal from the very outset. As the law now stands the result could hardly have been otherwise. For the Obscene Publications Act, 1857, under which the proceedings were taken, empowers a magistrate, on complaint by anyone that obscene books are kept in any house, to order that house to be searched and all copies seized, and then, unless the occupier can show cause to the contrary, to have them destroyed. Now it must be obvious, without any nice discussion as to the meaning of obscenity, that when once the police have complained of a book as obscene it is almost impossible to persuade a magistrate, or anyone else, that the book is not obscene. Doubtless, no police suspicions could sully the pages of Maria Edgeworth or the poems of Archbishop Trench, but what general literature is there touching even remotely upon the relations between the sexes that could escape condemnation under such circumstances? It was idle to throng the Court with a crowd of distinguished witnesses. Their opinions as to what is obscene the Court regarded as irrelevant, and surely not unreasonably. Equally vain is it for Dr. Stoops to believe that some subtle distinction can be drawn as to the mode of publication. It is the veriest delusion. Only a little while back, a book in no way concerned with birth control, a psychological work of no small value, was complained of under this Act, and though on that occasion the evidence of literary and other protagonists was admitted, the book was destroyed just the same. The powers under the Act are so wide that it is idle to hope that a safe line of cleavage can be drawn across which the Act cannot reach.

That the Act and the powers exercised under it are the gravest menace to the freedom of the Press must be obvious by this time, and those interested in birth-control literature would be doing an inestimable public service if they could secure its drastic amendment. No one wants to limit the powers of the police in suppressing pornographic literature; but the Act was never intended, and should not be allowed to be used, to stifle the free expression of honest opinion on sex matters. How far the powers are adequate or proper for the suppression of pornographic literature anyone whose business takes him down the Charing Cross Road must decide for himself. But it is monstrous that they should be employed in the way they were in the Aldred case.—Yours, &c.,

H. GOITEIN.

Fountain Court, Temple.

SIR.—As a life-long student of social problems I have long been convinced that Malthus, in his *Essay on Population*, tackled with courage and brilliant insight the root of most social evils. Malthus is often regarded as a "back number"; his clear conception of the necessity of continence in human beings, in the moral world they have made for themselves, at least equal to that of the so-called lower animals, has not been welcomed either by the Church or by the world.

The Church's attitude of *laissez faire* on the subject of population has made that great organism only a pious and bemused spectator when the periodic wages of famine, pestilence, and war are paid to humanity, as Malthus says they must be until moral control of population is exercised. As for the world, it always has had a tendency to believe that it can eat its cake and then refuse payment. That quasi-scientific volumes preaching this gratifying doctrine should receive acceptance is not surprising, but God (who must, as even our most sceptical philosopher thinks, be behind the ordered beauty called nature) is not mocked.

Personally, until I read a "best-seller" on the most sacred of human relationships, I did not realize how very desirable a Flood might be as a method of controlling rational beings who themselves see no necessity to control desire or gratification, but a vast necessity to repudiate the bill.—Yours, &c.,

MALTHUSIAN.

Wigan.

## ENGLAND AND THE INVASION OF THE RUHR.

SIR.—The correspondence on the French invasion of Germany, published in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for February 10th, makes one wonder afresh what has become of the old generous and chivalrous French nation—the country of Bayard (the knight "without fear and without reproach") and of St. Louis; the country of the great and, I fear, often ruthless warrior, Du Guesclin, whose last words yet were: "Never forget, that wherever you wage war, the clergy, the women, the children, and the poor are not your enemies." In other words, "*the defenceless are not your enemies*."

And what has become of the old English ideal of righteousness? On the 6th inst. the newspapers reported that a member of the Government (however unimportant a member) imagined that he could popularize a Government policy by such words as these: "*Its proposals were in no way dictated by any sympathy or sentimental consideration for Germany. Such a suggestion was hardly worthy of any responsible section of the English people.*"

Those of us who still cling to Christian truths and ethics "turn from man's dust to God's infinity," and, remembering the Master's words about His Father's care for every fallen sparrow, believe that in any attempt to save some milk for the Ruhr miners' babies, or to secure some coal for the famishing *Mittelstand* of unoccupied Germany, we are co-operating with Him.

As a practical protest against wrong, surely honest newspapers and individuals can abandon the use of such false terms as "the Allies" and "Sanctions." The latter term seems to be simply a euphemism for the invasion of other people's rights. And "Allies" is a war-term only. Ever since the so-called Peace of 1919, it is true to say that if the French are our Allies, then the Turks are still our Allies, because they fought with us in the Crimea; and the Prussians are still our Allies, because their troops saved the day at Waterloo. Fortunately, "Entente" remains a truthful word of England's relation with France, as long as the Entente lasts.—Yours, &c.,

PRISCILLA ALBRIGHT.

Edgbaston.

## MALARIA IN RUSSIA.

WE hear from Dr. Haden Guest that the Red Cross in Russia indicate that there are now some 8,000,000 cases of the disease in the Republic west of the Ural Mountains. In Georgia one-half of the population are affected, and at the village of Sambourtale, near Tiflis, two-thirds of the total population have died of malaria. Much of the malaria is malignant. The disease is particularly prevalent, of course, in the Volga region, where the famine has been so severe, and in the Caucasus.

The Russian Medical Aid Committee has received an urgent request for quinine in large quantities, and would be glad to receive contributions addressed to Mr. A. Baker, Treasurer, Medical Aid Committee, 68, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. 2.

## Poetry.

## "THERE IS A COUNTRY."

WHILE thus the black night rushes down in rain,  
And the long-sighing wind drives on the showers,  
I face the flood, and cool my very brain  
With drinking in this wine of all wild flowers,  
This cold, sharp castaly, this leaping vein  
Of spirit blood; here where the hill-cloud lowers  
I, an iota, atom, mote and grain,  
May revel in this torrent God for hours.

And would some vision of the eternal springs  
That glad the eternal hills might flash on me,  
Who now their echo hear, their shadow see!  
Whose memory with such sweet and simple things,  
By this night's rains, is rich—returning wings,  
Building and singing, in every leafing tree.

E. B.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

Up to the moment of writing, the present week in the City has been, compared with some recent periods, uneventful. The mark has suffered a slight relapse after last week's rapid rise, and francs are a little better. Sterling in New York continues its steady climb towards parity, being assisted by the sentimental effect of the certainty that the Debt Settlement will be signed and sealed, and by the continued rise of commodity prices in the United States. The Stock Markets, as is now quite usual, have exhibited cheerfulness in the face of international anxieties, and refused to be disturbed by the blank hopelessness of the Parliamentary debates on the Ruhr. Gilt-edged stocks are strong and in good demand; Home Rails buoyant in view of the showing of the reports of the old lines; and in the industrial sections textile shares much enlivened by the Bradford Dyers' figures. Rubber shares are still biding their time. The statistical position of the raw material is improving. The strength of Argentine Railways is maintained.

Public revenue continues to come in very well. By the end of last week—six weeks or so before the close of the fiscal year—Budget estimates of one or two revenue items had already been exceeded, and it looks as if most sources will prove to have exceeded the ex-Chancellor's estimate, except E.P.D. arrears and miscellaneous receipts. But expenditure is lagging so far behind that a decline on estimate on the expenditure side will, it may be hoped, outbalance the deficiencies of these two disappointing revenue items.

### HOME RAILWAY BALANCE SHEETS.

I commented a fortnight ago on the strikingly favorable nature of the last dividends declared by the leading British railways on the eve of their merging into the "big four." The balance sheets now issued show, generally speaking, a strength that is more striking than was the size of the dividends. A perusal of them will please the stockholder, I think, more than the taxpayer. The latter will rub his eyes and in bewilderment cast his mind back a year or two to the time when the railway directors were negotiating with the Government on the question of Government compensation for wear and tear, &c., during the period of war-control. At that time, railway directors vied with one another in uttering jeremiads with regard to the plight in which the companies would find themselves when returned to private hands. Directors were right to make the best bargain they could for their stockholders, but the cry of "pity the poor railways" would have been less impressive in the public eye had facts been generally available. Ten leading lines show about an eightfold increase since 1914 in total reserves, and the increase in the holdings by the companies of Government securities is very formidable. I give below a comparison of total reserves, cash, and investments in Government securities, as shown by the balance sheets of ten companies at the end of 1913 and 1922 respectively:—

	Total Reserves.		Investments in		
	End 1913.	End 1922.	Total Cash.		Govt. Securities.
			£	£	
Gt. Central	1,208,716	6,035,995	485,103	1,372,856	45,826
Gt. Eastern	1,126,736	6,764,821	912,299	1,364,737	—
Gt. Northern	1,379,844	5,813,191	1,479,960	5,955,676	—
Gt. Western	2,745,132	28,023,589	3,721,018	6,459,763	757,956
L. & N. W.	2,924,445	32,020,044	1,904,254	2,746,534	—
L. & S. W.	721,016	5,106,175	798,877	460,178	—
Lond. Brighton	905,370	3,196,420	660,584	1,629,931	1,016
Midland	4,365,446	23,448,631	2,979,381	2,275,879	27,450
North Eastern	2,320,787	20,005,975	108,394	2,799,049	6,361
S.E. & Chatham	244,708	3,006,132	163,618	502,033	—

These ten balance sheets show holdings of Government securities totalling over £50 millions as compared with less than £1 million before the war. These balance sheets, it must also be remembered, were compiled before last month's second instalment of Government compensation, which exceeded £20 millions for all the railways. Obviously, the "big four" have started their career with very powerful financial positions.

### SOME POINTS FOR STOCKHOLDERS.

Such figures as these justify fully the buoyancy of the new stocks, which they have enjoyed since their initial appearance at the beginning of the year. These new stocks,

as regards security, marketability, and solidity, take rank among the premier industrial investments of the world. Possibly, however, investors are more closely interested in dividend-earning probabilities. Last year expenses fell faster than gross revenue. This year economies due to amalgamation begin to take effect, though the full effect may not be felt for some long time. On the other hand, reduced passenger fares come into play, and it can hardly be doubted that, after seeing these accounts, traders will agitate with a renewed vigor for a substantial reduction in freight rates in the summer. But the salient points for stockholders are these. First, they have received from the Government a very generous treatment, the result of which has been to launch the "big four" on their career in a very powerful condition. Secondly, the Railways Act, under which the new systems will operate, is essentially a "dividend-earning" charter. A certain amount depends, of course, on the interpretation and assessment by the companies and the Tribunal of "standard revenue." If the new companies are as clever and persuasive over presenting their case as the old companies were in making their case for compensation, dividend prospects would be bright indeed. There is, however, one point that all railway interests must carefully consider. In some quarters the new railway régime is openly described as the last step before nationalization. The new régime is on probation. If in the matter of freight rates, and passenger fares, and good service, the new companies cannot convince public opinion that the best interests of the nation are being constantly and thoroughly considered, there may arise a "nationalization" stunt that would carry all before it. For the concentration in four systems has removed many of the most formidable technical difficulties in the way. The railways of Great Britain have entered on a new era under very favorable auspices; but they will need to make the winning of public confidence a primary object. Towards the winning of this confidence the publication of adequate monthly statistics of gross and net revenue would be a valuable first step. The report that the companies propose to make a large voluntary reduction in charges is, if true, a good omen.

### COMPANY FINANCE.

The London Underground Railway Group record for 1922 an increase of over £317,000 in net profits. Their experience has been similar to that of the big railways, expenses having fallen more sharply than gross receipts. The City & South London, the London Electric, and the Metropolitan District were able to raise their dividend rates, the last-named from 1 per cent. to 3 per cent. The London General Omnibus Co. also raised its distribution on ordinary shares from 8 per cent. to 8½ per cent. free of tax. In another field of the transport world, the Manchester Ship Canal paid 4 per cent. for 1922 on its ordinary shares against 1½ per cent. a year ago.

The final dividend declared by Courtaulds makes the distribution for the full year 15 per cent. against 11½ per cent. a year ago. This may not be up to the expectations of speculators, but the preliminary figures of earnings show a great prosperity. After large writing down of plant, buildings, &c., the net profit is over £1,300,000 higher at over £3,000,000. The directors show prudence in the matter of appropriation, £1,000,000 being added to general reserve, or £700,000 more than a year ago, while the sum carried forward to this year's accounts is more than £200,000 higher than that brought in.

The most important report of the week is that of the British South Africa Company, commonly known as "Chartered." But the accounts which it contains are really of less interest than the references to political developments in connection with Southern Rhodesia. On these the report throws little light, and shareholders will look forward with the greater interest to the speech of the Chairman at the annual meeting on March 1st.

L. J. R.



# THE ATHENÆUM



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## The World of Books.

LORD BRYCE'S "Memories of Travel" (Macmillan) is an excellent book of its attractive kind, but the effect of reading it is unusual. When I had finished it I did not begin to think of packing up. I felt instead I had no right to do that. Lord Bryce had put me off. That learned man had been remembering casually both Iceland and the tropics, as well as Poland, the Mountains of Moab, and the scenery of North America. But I did not feel that these places might be mine. They were all put immeasurably remote. They were not for me, even though Lord Bryce had made them desirable. I felt that it would be as wrong to possess and retain priceless Oriental scrolls as to give to my sight coral atolls in the Pacific, or prospects of the Altai. Yet how heedlessly once would I have taken the chance—quite innocently, you understand, and not knowing my bright gladness was but my cool cheek! A common fault! For are not most of us sure we ought to go voyaging? What do we lack but the opportunity? We are wrong, however. We lack much.

\* \* \*

We lack the right to go, I fear, even if we have the means. A reading of "Memories of Travel" makes it clear that few of us are competent to venture abroad. Most of what would come my way when voyaging would be wasted, I must confess. So much that is common to the encyclopedias would not be plain to me; I should pass it by; it would not be there; its message and its significance would be lost. The pleasures of travel, we are aware when candid about them, are separated by long grey levels of boredom. An Eastern city can grow stale in a night. There are days when the very ocean is a pond, and of the same relative importance as a newspaper of yesterday. Sometimes, too, you don't want to hear again that there are three miles of water under you; in nasty weather the last two miles are of less importance than the beginning of the first. And sometimes, when you have reached at last the place with a name like that of the star you look up to in solitude, you gaze overside at it from your trite anchorage in the harbor—the first mate is coming aft, rubbing his hands—unbelievingly, with disparagement, with the old desire for it returning as a jest, and go below with the mate for a pipe instead. To-morrow will do for Paradise, or the day after. I remember my first sight of Naples, which we reached by sea. The stories I had heard of its wonderful bay! The ecstatic letters in my pocket from those who were advising me how to miss nothing of my luck! But it was raining. It was cold. There was hardly any bay, and that bit was as glum as suicide. There were only a wet quay, and some house-

fronts with no inducement whatever, and some cabs. I took a cab. It was better than walking to the railway station, and quicker. It is quite easy for me to describe my first visit to Naples.

\* \* \*

BUT if most of us are incompetent travellers, Lord Bryce was not. He was competent; fully, lightly, and with grace. Like a modest man, too, he assumes we all are competent. Otherwise, should we be voyaging? To other tourists he may have appeared to be one of the crowd, getting his fun out of a lucky deal in rubber or fats; but he was quiet merely because he knew what he was looking at. He was not bored. What would have been opaque to us, dense in nature to most human eyes, he could see through, though I doubt whether he would have said anything about it unless he were asked. And is it likely that we should ask another man, when travelling, whether he can see through what is obviously opaque? It is rarely done. Neither our faith nor our doubt is ever like that. What we do not know is not there. How much when travelling there is that we do not see or hear Lord Bryce reveals. Apparently, there was not often a language difficulty for him. And when he looked at the desolation of central Iceland he knew the cause of it, and could explain why tuffs and basalts present different landscapes. When he was in Hungary and Poland the problems which we should have surrendered as something no Englishman ought to be expected to understand became simple in the light of his political and historical lore. In Palestine, exempt from the transport which enables the pilgrim to receive any wonder without a question, Lord Bryce, with understanding reverence and sympathy, and out of a chastening store of Biblical knowledge, Oriental history, and the geography of the land, got a new light on many familiar tales. Among the islands of the South Seas, with their unsolved problems of an old continental mass and of race migrations, this learned traveller was just as much at ease. He knew of those problems. He understood them. He could relate them to what he saw and heard. Once, I remember, I remarked to an old traveller, who resembles Lord Bryce in some ways, that it was in my dreams to visit Celebes. I wanted to visit the islands between Java and New Guinea. "But," he remarked coldly, "you are not an ethnologist." No; and I can see now, after these "Memories of Travel," it is not my only fault as a traveller.

\* \* \*

I WILL not deny that a craving for knowledge, when abroad, may sometimes come over me, and that it may have even a far, faint similarity to the craving for food or sleep. It is when I go to my note-books in later years that I discover that though I had forgotten I had many interesting facts stored away, which I might have used, yet somehow the valuable information does very well where it is, where it will never be found. But things one never attempted to remember, trivial things that were smelt or heard or seen for an instant, are never out of the mind, though they may be forgotten. Hurrying through some burning refuse the other day, the smell brought me to a stand. What was that? I tried again. On the Somme borders, you remember, they used to burn old stuff, and amongst it were bully-beef tins.

H. M. T.

## Reviews.

### MR. MONTAGUE'S SHORT STORIES.

**Fiery Particles.** By C. E. MONTAGUE. (Chatto & Windus. 7s.)

WHILE the days still bear that indescribable look of a world gone wrong, of Providence at her wits' ends, of God circumvented, and while we know that joy cometh in the morning, but, like Blake, feel that—

"The time of youth is fled,  
And grey hairs are on my head,"

it is natural to turn for comfort to certain hours, scenes, intimations, and men who shared discomfort with us, of the most ancient times, somewhere between 1914 and 1918. Another England there we saw. It lived for the most part in ditches, upon which it worked spasmodically, generally ensuring itself the privilege of walking about unobserved by the punitive eyes of war. Where trouble was experienced in keeping the head down, owing to the absence of any ditch at all at the point, a notice-board was produced by the pioneers, with decorative lettering such as might stand over a bazaar entrance, warning you that this was "Dangerous." If this was a spot near the foremost ditch, a newcomer would be told by his guide: "You can run past here." If it lay half a mile behind, working parties would naturally hang about there in the evening, waiting for their allotted sapper, and perhaps examining with archaeological zeal the ruins of houses, bedsteads, sewing machines, and wideawake hats. At times a sort of steel eel would leap hissing past, disintegrating against sharp bones of skeleton farmhouses; or metal mosquitoes would zip singly past, or, having hit some wire or other obstacle forward, would wearily spin in tormented arc over to the working party. While these things were being duly pondered, the dewy rafters might suddenly glow with red thunderbolts, every echo rushing to the revels; and after the thunderbolts, with luck, a peace should follow, broken afar by the grumble of laden carts from east and west coming up the cobblestones to feed the *dramatis persona*.

Such was the quiet time, the fattening for—but we never gave up hope. Even when some Rhadamanthus sent round such a circular as that beginning, "All ranks must know that the Great Offensive has now definitely begun"; even when we were told, "Artillery and trench mortars, cut the wire; infantry, capture and consolidate the trenches," nobody brooded over it so much as to forget this was the quiet sector. And in a quiet sector it seemed that there were two races of men. Now Stubbs, hailing from Hailsham or so, was ever a man of few words and few movements. There he stood at his periscope, gazing into it with industry, seeing much in the way of caps passing gaps, and tracks in the grass; unwilling, as it were, to take advantage of the enemy in this way, but certainly unwilling, if the question arose, to let some audacious Feldwebel take advantage of us. We walked a little way along the breastworks, and found Nobbs, from nobody quite knew where—and his name had not always been Nobbs. He was devising how to let off sixteen rifle grenades by one pull of a string. It seemed Fritz had a cookhouse. "Why the hell should Fritz have a cookhouse? These squareheads are too uppish since they put the new 'minnie' in at Nine Elms. Got a green envelope? Got any candles?" Shortly afterwards, the dove-like cooing of flights of Hales would descend upon the ears of the German cooks, dishing out dinner; and their carefully arranged hygienic cookhouse would require reconstruction. O Nobbs, Nobbs! When the "minnies" come over you will have to answer the curses of Stubbs, lining the duckboard through no fault of his own.

It is of such as Nobbs that Mr. Montague gives complete and intense portraiture in the nine stories which he calls "Fiery Particles." No article could snuff them out for ever and for ever. "Arrant lovers of living," he says of them, "mighty hunters of lions or shadows, rapt amateurs of shady adventure or profitless zeal, how can you steep them in languor enough to bring them up to the mark?"—the mark,

that is, of effaced, discreet heroism. How can you keep Nobbs away from the neglected trench catapult? Will he take "compulsory sleep" from thee? Canst thou draw him out of No Man's Land with a hook?

Here we meet them, witty, restless, moving mountains without forgetting how to get home, quarrelsome in the minims of life, great hearts in the great crises. Stand up here on the fire-step, in this black, sweating, endless night, while Stubbs goes round the traverse and with that deafening duck-gun of his sends up a Very Light. It hangs askance, shows a wall of clay opposite—and how near, dangerously near!—and between, a sort of dun green waste, into which it drops fizzing and burning, showing up long grass in dark spears. If you were looking in the right direction, you would have seen two slight, dark warts or bosses, odd mushrooms. Those are the tin hats of Mr. Montague's young men, Martin and Toomey, just clearing the brambles of our wire. Our lights are infrequent, our sentries not shooting over much; the German watch nervously sends up a fountain of bitter, pitiless white flares, some on parachutes, falling with murderous spiral sloth. Their hoarse machine-guns thump and flay the suspected region. But this time Martin and Toomey are under their wire, and the wire is being cut like begonias. Presently the thud of Mills bombs is unwelcomely heard, and real "groans and shrieks"; a maelstrom of anger unlooses; red lights and violet twilight and pandemonium rage together. And here, grunting and bawling, comes Toomey over the parapet, with Martin on his back, bestriding the narrow world a moment, like a Colossus, against that frightful glare and screech.

But that is not the story. Mr. Montague knows what these co-operators in disruption were talking about on their patrol. It seemed to remind them of Dromore, and the fact that they were neighbors. This is where Mr. Montague takes leave of almost every other annalist of the fighting zone, and to his magnificent evocation of places and situations of which time knows no parallel adds the rich and particular personalities of certain fiery particles, heroes who are picturesque.

In this art of finding the rare man, of observing him in every tinge and tone, of comprehending the infinite variety of him, of communicating all to us with the most eloquent flashes of constructive detail and delicate vistas of the world beyond the character, Mr. Montague is pre-eminent. Not all of these stories have to do with the *ultima Thule* of rum and raiders. Probably his G.H.Q. worthies, Colin and Claude, with their almost intangible life, would be considered the most "difficult" subjects to immortalize that one could find. Mr. Montague here performs an astonishing feat of detecting and distinguishing, where the 999 able writers would have seen Tweedledum and Tweedledee, both pernicious and contemptible. But Mr. Montague applies a test in subtlety which leaves one delighted as at the performance of a Paganini among writers. And all on the simple text, "a breastfull of duds."

On every one of these nine stories we would take our stand as defenders of modern prose. One more instance—"A Trade Report Only." In it Mr. Montague crystallizes into a little room the miasma of certain derelict places in the old fighting lines, so that, as soon as one bids, the genie floods forth again, and the mist of the dead hour before day crawls above the lonely holes and about the trees and crucifixes; so that on your round from post to post you see a gas helmet, hanging upon a wooden cross, like a shrouded something—surely arising to confront you? This, again, is not the story. That tells us how, in such an atmosphere, Mynns's nerve was finally "ungummed," while all the time Toomey was bringing off one of his feats of daredevilry. But what Mynns saw, we agree, would have tried ourselves in that low ebb of being. It was not Toomey's fault, of course; and from that fiendish orchard he emerges as fiery a particle as shaking knees could approach. To him and his kind, revealed by Mr. Montague, we turn in these later days, as though their influences in all made up a kind of Fortunate Islands: in whose stories, glowing with mirth and health, harmonious, unfading, we saw no great way off a climate of joy and felicity smiling over jasmine groves and crystal fountains, and all the images of perpetual romance and rest.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

## WALTER RALEIGH.

**Laughter from a Cloud.** By WALTER RALEIGH. (Constable. 21s.)

**Sir Walter Raleigh and the Air History.** By H. A. JONES. (Arnold. 2s. 6d.)

It seems to be hard for those who knew him to write of the late Sir Walter Raleigh in a way that will put him vividly before us. Perhaps it is because he had become, as he surely had, a legend in his lifetime. The eyes which saw him knew beforehand what to see, the ears what to hear. And so they saw and heard, not the man, but his reputation: and their accounts become as remote and unsubstantial as that "laughter from a cloud" which, he prophesied, those who loved him well might hear.

Walter Raleigh had achieved and held a position which may not quite absurdly be compared with Dr. Johnson's. (He would have deprecated that comparison, but he would have liked it.) His talk, his wit, his gaiety, his personality, were the delight of a thousand dinner-parties, and the sufficient theme of conversation for a thousand more. He wrote a paper, "Johnson without Boswell"; and the contrast between the records and the man, in Raleigh's case, sets one to the melancholy business of wondering what will remain of this great figure if no predestined Boswell shall appear to make his mortality immortal.

There are his works. They are read; they have been as nearly popular as works of their kind can be. But I doubt, in truth I do not believe, that they have the perdurable stuff in them. It may be a sort of heresy to profess this opinion; but I should say that Raleigh, who himself wrote so high-spirited a book on "Style," had many styles, but no style. I did not know him well enough to decide the question at first hand for myself, but from the remote and rather cold-blooded point of view of the mere critic, I find much significance in the repeated judgment of his friends, once more pronounced by Mr. Jones, that "he was not a writer, but a man of action." A man of action is perishable stuff. "The sweet war-man is dead and rotten." To express oneself in life is perhaps, after all, to forgo the chance of impressing oneself upon posterity. The mind of Cæsar is a dream within a dream; the mind of Virgil is closer to us than our neighbor's, at moments than our very own.

It is untimely, no doubt, to insist on these things. But the question is there and will not be denied. We are struck with regret at the incommensurability—we peer bewildered into the gulf of discrepancy—between what Raleigh was and the written words that remain behind. It is as though he had been distracted between many paths and lost. A man to whom, it seems, all adventures were open, sinks into a Chair at Oxford. He longed to be in life; he is scarcely even in literature. And we think—we cannot help thinking—of one who, like Walter Pater, by turning his back on "life," in that same Oxford, built for his spirit an abiding-place more enduring than brass.

To one who seeks adventure, and to whom adventure in "life" is denied, there are the innumerable, breath-taking, hair's-breadth adventures of literature. But even these, perhaps, are not to be had by those who go seeking adventure. To have them demands, first of all, a complete surrender to the pursuit of some obscure and invisible goal; and in such a mood the thought of adventure for its own sake is impossible. As a writer, it seems, Raleigh sought at Oxford satisfaction for a desire for adventure that could be satisfied only in Fleet Street. There, in the precarious work of a journalist, he might have found that combination of life and letters which was bound to elude him as an Oxford Professor. Instead, the combinations he made for himself were illusory and irreconcilable. He ended by devoting himself to writing about adventure. The War in the Air was, indeed, an adventure—though whether that is the best and truest way of looking at it the future may decide—but to make an adventure of writing about it, unless one has gone through the *Sturm und Drang* of trying to make oneself a writer, is not adventure at all; it is a confusion of thought.

Not that Raleigh was a man to suffer from confusion of thought. He probably knew he was deceiving himself; he simply managed, as men do, to turn a blind eye to the

dear deception. Still, it was there. And, although it is the custom to give unqualified praise to his "History of the War in the Air," the inward contradiction is manifest in that narrative. There is much more fine writing than good writing in it. Somehow, too, the spirit of it is wrong. We feel that Raleigh cannot help seeing himself in character as the modern Elizabethan—"Walter as Sir Walter" is the frontispiece to "Laughter from a Cloud." He is conscious of himself as the *Hakluyt de nos jours*. And it will not do. We are not Elizabethans; if we were, we should have had no European War and no Air Force. But if to be an Elizabethan has any meaning at all, it means to have a real attitude towards life, to be involved in it. The *Hakluyts de nos jours* are the war correspondents who sling their hastily written telegrams into the columns of the dailies.

I do not mean to suggest that Raleigh's attitude to life was not real; but only that his attitude to life was not incorporated in his work as a writer. Writing was a *geste*, sometimes almost a "stunt" to him; scarcely ever the natural (though difficult) expression of his vision of things. His sense of fitness in writing was something, as it were, acquired and not innate. He was playing a game by the rules. There are no rules in real writing. Very likely he knew this. But if he did, he knew it only with his head: it was never instinct in him. And those who care for the small straws of evidence will find both revealing and pathetic the comment of an air-officer, which distressed him, upon a sentence in his history that "courage was an epidemic virtue among English peoples":—

"One distinguished air-officer," says Mr. Jones, "spoke rather roughly about 'outbreaks of pimples.' Sir Walter altered the phrase, and in a characteristic note, which shows the trouble he took to find a single correct word, he wrote to me on a postcard: 'I find *epidemic* is used by Milton and Swift as I use it. Later the word was restricted to medical uses (and metaphors drawn therefrom). I suppose my writing is too much under old and classic influences, for I did not at first understand the objection. Where modern semi-educated usage impoverishes a word, I hate to give way. But I want to be understood.'"

In spite of all his great qualities, Raleigh had become a professor. To desire to reinvigorate old words is good; but not to know when such a process is utterly impossible is a confession of failure.

It is the gleam of reality for which we so often look in vain in Raleigh's writing. Occasional verse, parlor games, amusing contributions to ephemeral university magazines—these make up most of the contents of "Laughter from a Cloud." And, also, they are not quite good enough of their kind. It is the writing of the gifted amateur: the touch of the true vocation is absent—absent, let us say, from every piece save one. "My Last Will" is a real poem and a beautiful one. In it a whole personality, humane and ironical, is expressed. There is a gradual deepening of mood from the humorous opening—

"What a nuisance then will be  
All that shall remain of me!  
Shelves of books I never read,  
Piles of bills, undocketed,  
Shaving-brushes, razors, straps,  
Bottles that have lost their tops,  
Boxes full of odds and ends,  
Letters from departed friends,  
Faded ties and broken braces  
Tucked away in secret places,  
Baggy trousers, ragged coats,  
Stacks of ancient lecture-notes,  
And that ghostliest of shows,  
Boots and shoes in horrid rows.  
Though they are of cheerful mind,  
My lovers whom I leave behind,  
When they find these in my stead  
Will be sorry I am dead"—

until the last movement reaches an impassioned simplicity. This, at any rate, is something that will last.

For the rest we must pick up what scraps we can from Mr. Jones—how the collar of his coat stood up always above his overcoat when he entered the room; the heap of charred match-ends on the battlefield where his talk had been; the strange parcels with which he came back girded from Bagdad—by such strokes as these, diligently applied, not in twos and threes, but in hundreds and thousands, immortality is conferred. Raleigh awaits it. He deserves it, for even though he was not a great writer, he was a great teacher and a living man.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

## IRISH HAGIOGRAPHY.

**Bethada Náem nÉrenn: Lives of Irish Saints.** Edited from the original MSS., with an Introduction, Translations, &c., by CHARLES PLUMMER. 2 vols. (Oxford : Clarendon Press. 42s.)

In Flanders in the early seventeenth century there were encyclopedic spirits. To take all knowledge as one man's province did not seem an idle dream to that age; but the shrewdest minds invented team-work, and thereby initiated a great share of modern scholarship. The Bollandists set the first example of the critical method applied to original sources in the prolegomena placed at the head of their biographies, and in doing so founded modern historiography. In something of the Bollandist spirit, contemporary and in working contact with them, an Irish community in Louvain studied, for the first time, the MS. sources of Irish ecclesiastical history, and it were a nice matter for speculation to consider how far the industry of Bollandus, the pupil of the Irish Peter Wadding, later Chancellor of Prague University, was stimulated by the example of Colgan, O'Clerly, and that other Wadding, "the hundred-handed." The Irish Franciscan convent of St. Anthony at Louvain, which sheltered these men, was a principal Continental refuge of Irish scholarship after Kinsale and the Flight of the Earls, and its directors, in the spirit in which Bollandus planned his "Acta Sanctorum," conceived what Dr. Plummer justly calls the gigantic project of publishing a complete corpus of Irish antiquities, both secular and ecclesiastic. To some of them it must have seemed the obituary of the Irish nation. In pursuance of their purpose the poor friar, Michael O'Clerly, for fifteen years passed up and down the torn Ireland of his day, amassing and sifting material with enormous industry and something of the modern critical spirit. This material on the secular side was resolved into that epic of hunted scholarship, "The Annals of the Four Masters," and on the ecclesiastical supplied in MSS. in the Bibliothèque Royale in Brussels, and in the Stowe MSS., the sources from which Dr. Plummer has edited, for the first time, and translated the present documents. If Bollandus ever came in touch with this hagiographical literature, as his great disciple Papebroch certainly did, it might well have sharpened his critical zeal, for nowhere else is there such an early mass of confused, edifying wonder-tales clamoring for what its wearied transcriber, O'Clerly, calls "winnowing." Copying and painfully recopying these transcripts of ancient biographies, he liberates his soul in one colophon after another:—

"At Castlekovin, near Glendalough, in the province of Leinster, at the seat of Fiacha ua Tuathail, were copied these poems, which are called a life of Coemgen, from the book which was written for Fiacha ua Tuathail, and from another old ancient book belonging to Domnall, son of Donnchad ua Cuilemhan; and it is plain to all that read them that they are disgusting, though I am ashamed to confess it for my part."

And again:—

"From the book of Eachraide O'Siaghail of Fir Cell, in Meath . . . and I have now written it from my own copy in the convent of the brothers of Donegal on the Drowes, November 19th, 1629; and I recognize frankly that I wrote a great deal of it slowly, tediously, wretchedly. However, let the blame of it rest on those who bade me follow the track of the old books till the time of their revision."

O'Clerly's readers will not share this view. They will find, thanks to Dr. Plummer's wide scholarship, a mass of folklore, a rich outcrop of primitive belief and custom pushing up from under the edifying Christian narrative, the hearty zest of the professional shanachie, the first appearance of themes which later worked their way into other European literature, and, at times, withal, a kindly, saintly charm, tender and fragrant as the Fioretts. The character and contents of these Lives have nowhere been more fully analyzed than in Dr. Plummer's introduction to his "Vite Sanctorum Hiberniae," which his present volumes of Irish Lives supplement. Unlike Gaul, where the clergy despised the native speech, the study of classical literature in the Irish monasteries went side by side with the cultivation of Irish letters. From an early period and throughout the Middle Ages, prayers, sermons, liturgical and theological treatises were composed in the vernacular. It was admitted into the liturgical books, and Gaelic and Latin rubrics are found

side by side in the earliest MSS. These saintly Lives are part of the popular literature and marked by its characteristic extravagances. The early Middle Ages were everywhere greedy of the marvellous, but nowhere was this taste more fully and freely indulged than in Ireland. It distinguishes Irish saga from, for example, the Icelandic or Norse. It distinguishes James Stephens from Arnold Bennett. And by instinct or necessity the writer of a popular life was driven to fantastic embroidery. Much of his embellishment he drew from the Bible, but other strands crossed and thickened the wonder-tale. Irish monks, hungry for perfect solitude and inaccessible retreats, pushed far overseas. According to the Irish geographer Dicuil, who wrote "De Mensura Orbis Terrarum" in 825, Irish monks had visited the Faroe Islands a century before, and discovered Iceland about 800, sixty years before the Scandinavian settlement, and his statement is confirmed by Icelandic tradition set out in the "Icelandicabók" and the "Landnámaabók," and by Vigfusson and Powell. In such retreats and far journeys, perhaps, was born the imagining of the earthly Paradise. Certain it is that it enriched the wonder-tale and gave birth to a whole section of Irish literature—the *Imrama* or *Sea-voyages*—of which St. Brendan's is the outstanding example. And these narratives were translated or adapted into other European literatures and colored even the mind of Dante.

With this wonder- and wander-lust pervading all Irish literature, it is not surprising that Dr. Plummer finds the real interest of the writers of these saintly lives to be in the thaumaturgy. And just as the spirit of many of these tales is, for their nature, singularly amoral, so is the thaumaturgy more pagan than Christian. Paganism went down quickly and quietly before Christianity in Ireland, but for that reason long fettered its victor. The pagan amalgam is strong in these Lives, debasing the spiritual. Saint and druid are often indistinguishable, and magic more prominent than morality. But neither animism nor magic, nor the exuberant story-teller's delight in such admirably managed "flying" as that between St. Ruadan and Diarmait, can wholly obscure either the charm or the heroic stature of these apostolic monks. Athletes of asceticism, they excelled in Northern latitudes the austerities of the Thebaid, but around even the most austere of them there still clings the tradition of their gentleness with children, with birds, and all the little creatures of the woods and lonely places they inhabit, of their recognition of the kindly rites of hospitality, and of their sensitiveness to music and poetry as well as to natural beauty, a sensitiveness to which their own MS. literature and the sites of the anchoritic cells still witness.

Dr. Plummer has nobly fulfilled the hope expressed in his "Vite Sanctorum Hiberniae" of one day supplementing them by the corresponding Irish Lives. In this department of hagiography he is an accepted and beloved master. In editing the present volumes he adds to this title.

## AMATEUR PHILOSOPHY.

**The Omnipotent Self.** By PAUL BOUSFIELD, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (Kegan Paul. 5s.)

Most of the Freudian gospels and epistles treat the mind as nothing but a medley of sexual impulses, sexual perversions, and sexual complexes, until the student of the new psychology becomes a mocker. It was, therefore, a relief to read on the publisher's wrapper that this book deals "with psycho-analysis in an important aspect where its attention is not concentrated on sexual emotions." Unfortunately, though nominally concerned with another of our primal impulses at least equally potent, the author fails to escape the evil spell which seems to have been thrown over nearly all recent writers on mental analysis. Mr. Bousfield, before he can get going on his subject proper, feels obliged to summarize for the novice the doctrines of eroticism with which most of us have already been over-familiarized. He shares the conventional Freudian view that our "inherited instincts are for the most part of a primitive erotic type"; and he asks us to accept as manifestations of sexual exhibitionism such easily explained phenomena as

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"the little child who delights in running about naked," and the lady who wears a bracelet on her arm. Other but loftier manifestations of the same instinct are afforded, he says (disregarding Adler and common-sense), by persons who endeavor to "show a fine character" or "design a fine building." After this, we are prepared for "the scientist who has turned most of his primitive sexual instinct of 'looking' in the sexual sense into looking down the microscope, or searching for the secrets of nature, delving amidst her hidden laws." All of which is very amusing, if a little unpleasant. What schoolboy amateurs these Freudians mostly are! For it would not be fair to attribute their eccentricities to more gravely pathological causes. The old school of psychology, which was based mainly on introspection, was, at any rate, founded on that much reality, narrow and limited though the field of observation may have been. The elaborations of the new psychology are clearly built largely on fantasy; which probably accounts for the very general abuse of that process of which its expositions are full.

The author of the present book is a physician to the London Neurological Clinic of the Ministry of Pensions; and he has, therefore, been brought into contact with a large number of men in whose minds the distinction between fantasy and what we call reality has been lost. Clearly, in these cases, it is the business of the physician to endeavor to restore this distinction, and to put fantasy in its place. But, like many other modern doctors, Mr. Bousfield, in contemplating the pathological, has lost touch with the normal and the healthy. He, no less than his patients, is the victim of a confusion between fantasy and reality. He seems to assume that the world is made up of people like his "cases"; and his conception of a healthy world is one composed entirely of men and women wholly occupied with the immediately "practical." He looks upon daydreams and novels and plays as not only useless, but as harmful and "excessively deleterious to the race in general." "The ordinary fairy-tale should be swept from the nursery; there is plenty of scope for giving a child an interest in stories from the fairyland of science"; and he optimistically, and in the face of all history, adds: "Of the facts of science the child will never have to be undeceived." Which of the "facts" of science, we may ask, will outlive the truths of Andersen? The whole world of imagination having been removed to the departments of pathology and criminology, we are quite ready to learn that those emotional affects of our friends in which we have the most rejoiced, suffer equally our author's condemnation. People who share "the pleasures and pains of their friends are called sympathetic"; in our author's view, they are more correctly to be described as "merely a nuisance."

The theoretical basis of this book is as futile as the illustrations quoted imply. But, apart from the inadequate foundation of the book, it is unscientific, illogical, and confused in method and substance. Far-fetched conclusions are drawn without a particle of evidence to support them, and the very subject of the book is a medley of the most diverse things treated as identical.

The impulse to self-assertion is a natural and essential part of every human being, and is totally distinct from the peculiar impulse of the fabled Narcissus, as well as from exaggerated self-consciousness and selfishness, with all of which Mr. Bousfield identifies it. After all, it was with himself as he actually appeared in the mirror that Narcissus became infatuated, whilst the trouble with the ordinary self-engrossed neurasthenic is that he cannot be induced to look in the mirror and see himself as he is; and, so far from being infatuated with his conception of himself, he is nearly always on the verge of suicide through self-contempt or self-pity. Nor is the self-assertive person necessarily, or even usually, a selfish person; frequently he has a full measure of those quite natural, inherited impulses of sympathy and of pity in which the selfish person is congenitally weak.

The practical advice offered to the neurasthenic is sound enough, and has, no doubt, empiric foundations. But neither the philosopher nor the biologist can share the complacent view with which Mr. Bousfield—quoting from the equally complacent Horace—concludes his book: "Happiness is here, happiness is everywhere, if only a well-regulated mind does not fail you." Fantasy would seem to have its useful part to play after all.

H. R.

#### THE CONTACTS OF NATIONS.

**A History of European Diplomacy, 1815-1914.** By R. B. MOWAT. (Arnold. 16s.)

EVERYTHING must change in a hundred years, even methods of diplomacy. So it would appear. And yet read this, from an early page of Mr. Mowat's admirable survey of the diplomatic interchanges of a century:—

"This Committee of Five was the Congress. The hundred or so plenipotentiaries of other Powers, who, in addition to the original Eight, came to —, did nothing, except those who were put into certain technical committees. The Congress as a whole never met. The Five deliberated together by themselves, and settled everything by their own deliberations."

What is the missing city represented in this otherwise faithful quotation by a "—"? Vienna in 1815? Paris in 1856? Berlin in 1878? Or Paris in 1919? It might most easily (but for the difference of a numeral or two) be the last. As a matter of fact it is the first.

So little have the diplomats learned in a hundred years. That may, of course, have been because there was nothing to learn. If Metternich and Castlereagh and Talleyrand had got so near perfection after Leipsic and Waterloo, what advance on their methods could be looked for from Clemenceau and Lloyd George and Wilson after the 1918 Armistice? In point of fact, there was in many important respects retrogression. There was, for example, a Talleyrand not merely among the assembled delegates, but in the inmost councils, at Vienna. At Versailles an excluded Brockdorff-Rantzau had to pick the Allies' ultimatum terms from a sword-point. And of the results of the two conclaves Mr. Mowat observes, with some pertinence, that:—

"in France, in 1815 the Treaty of Peace was carried out to the letter, and within three years the conquered State had been rehabilitated and accepted as a regular working member of the European States system."

But spectacular though great international conferences may be, they represent an abnormal, not a normal, phase of diplomacy. They may be invoked to settle a war. Other methods serve better for preserving peace. And it is not with wars that this particular volume is concerned. Mr. Mowat has much to say of Cavour, little of Garibaldi; much of Bismarck, little of von Moltke. Whether he meant it or not, there is something fascinating in his picture of the unwarred working-out of policies; the building of nations—a German Empire, a united Italy; the disintegration of a Turkey, the perpetually thwarted advance of a Russia; and, most perilous of all, that gradual evolution of rival groups—a Dreikaiserbund, with its conscience-stricken Reinsurance Treaty as foil, a Triple Alliance, and an answering Entente born of the triumphant isolation of France by Bismarck.

Through it all, this country was on the whole well served by her diplomats at home and abroad. Castlereagh, Canning, Clarendon, Palmerston, Russell, Salisbury, Lansdowne, Grey—they form no mean succession, in spite of Palmerston's erratic and swashbuckling opportunism, and varied weaknesses that stain the record of one or another of the line. And at the outposts men like Stratford de Redcliffe at Constantinople, and Lyons at Paris, and in another category Baring at Cairo, made the word of Britain not respected only, but trusted. In the main there is basis for Lord Curzon's recent claim that Great Britain had habitually avoided attempting the merely clever in diplomacy, and that where her negotiators did attempt it they mostly failed, though Lord Salisbury's questionable Cyprus coup in 1878 can be cited on the other side.

Diplomacy does develop none the less. Whether as a profession it has fallen into real discredit may well be doubted, despite the rare success of a Bryce. But one once vital factor, the intervention of monarchs, has been finally eliminated as far as the greater Powers are concerned. Edward VII. will remain the last royal diplomatist of British blood. A Holy Alliance or a three-Kaiser pact is inconceivable in 1923. Even the squalid intrigues of a Constantine would hardly be possible again. If under the old conditions public opinion, as Mr. Mowat claims, "had enormous influence, and no Governments, however preponderant in physical force, could afford to disregard it," it has vastly more to-day.

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Except for one delightful tale, Selma Lagerlöf hardly maintains her reputation in her new studies. "The Tale of a Manor" is overweighted; and the others try to make up for their attenuations by dieting on the mere spice of fantasy. But "Roman Blood" is a gem, and, without slackening or compromising its personal appeal, lays it to a background of universal significance. The Roman girl who will send her lover to Abyssinia, and then stabs his wrist to prevent him from actually going, collects into her naïveté the history of nations and the real, if tortuous, progress of peoples.

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"The Players' Shakespeare" is announced by Messrs. Benn Brothers. Mr. Victor Gollancz is editor of this tercentenary memorial, which gives the text of the First Folio, 1623, and emphasizes the stage interest of the plays rather

than that of the study. The artists employed are Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Mr. Paul Nash, Mr. Lowinski, and Mr. Schwabe. Mr. H. Granville-Barker provides introductions. The first edition is limited to 100 numbered and signed copies.

\* \* \*

ANGLERS know of Charles Cotton as the associate of Izaak Walton; many others have met with his poems here and there. Yet a reprint of his entire output of shorter poems has long been lacking. Mr. John Beresford has now edited these, adding to the "Poems on Several Occasions" of 1689 pieces first collected. Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson will produce the book, which should please the shades of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lamb—admirers of Cotton.

\* \* \*

NEARLY fifty years ago Canon Ellacombe published a work on the Church Bells of Somerset. A great deal of information has been added by later researches, so that Mr. H. B. Walters has been able to complete a new edition of Ellacombe's work. It will be published in quarto, at a subscription price of two guineas, by Messrs. Barnicott & Pearce, the Wessex Press, Taunton.

\* \* \*

"MICHAEL COLLINS's Own Story," set down by Mr. Hayden Talbot, is to appear shortly with Messrs. Hutchinson's imprint.

\* \* \*

MR. MILFORD issues for Yale University a capital handbook "Concerning French Verse," by Professor C. C. Clarke. The Professor is not only an expert, he is also exceedingly clear and vivid in his exposition. The price, 17s. 6d., is the only discordant factor in the little work.

\* \* \*

On February 3rd, Mr. G. K. Chesterton unveiled a tablet on the Three Cups Inn, Bath, commemorating the sojourn of Dr. Johnson in the hostelry in 1776. An article on the Doctor's visit, by Mr. T. S. Cotterell, has been reprinted from the "Bath Chronicle" in separate form.

\* \* \*

A COLLECTION of over 30,000 bookplates, nearly half of them unknown to the great Franks Collection in the British Museum, is offered for sale by Messrs. Grafton, who claim that there has been no parallel to the present instance. The price asked is £1,200.

\* \* \*

In the "Print Collector's Quarterly" for the present month, Mr. Middleton Murry writes upon "The Etchings of Walter Sickert," and incidentally upon the decline of the music-hall. Mr. E. J. Sullivan writes of "An Artist's Artist"—Arthur Boyd Houghton, one of the brilliant illustrators of the 'sixties.

\* \* \*

THE Wren number of "Architecture" for this month is very striking—verse, prose, and illustrations. Sir Lawrence Weaver's essay, "Some Portraits of Wren," is of great value, with its eight reproductions, towards a full iconography of the architect. If the art of architecture continues to be chronicled in the excellent fashion of the technical journals, &c., of recent months, the public will yet comprehend precisely how much London owes to Wren.

\* \* \*

ILLUSTRATIONS by Lovat Fraser, with a note on that artist by Major Haldane Macfall, enrich a book of reflections in prose and verse, "The House of Vanities," by Mr. Hayter Preston. Messrs. John Lane have published this ingenious volume at 2s. 6d.

\* \* \*

MESSRS. DOBELL catalogue (No. 21, from the Bruton Street shop) a great number of solid rarities—as some forty early editions of Defoe, and many of Drayton, Donne, and Dryden. The third list from Mr. McLeish, Hammersmith, opens with fine examples of manuscripts, early printed books, and the work of distinguished presses: then follows a generality of literature.

\* \* \*

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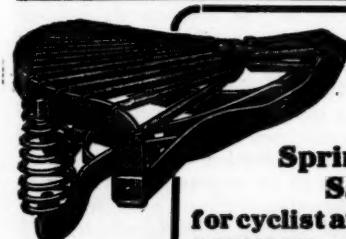
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## Art.

## ENGRAVINGS.

WORDS are dangerous things to play with, but it is difficult to resist a connection between "engraving" as an act and "gravity" as an artistic consequence; and since at the moment we are surrounded by exhibitions of engraving in most of its forms, it may be not unprofitable to examine the truth or the fallacy of the connection. Obviously, it has little to do with the subjects or themes of engraving, since, at any rate in such forms as etching and lithography, the lightest themes do not seem inappropriate, though the very fact that such levity is felt to bear some relation to the depth of engraving is worth remarking; but the connection seems to hold in the matter of style. The comparison that suggests itself is that of the lapidary style in writing. Airy nothings may be, and have been, carved upon monuments, even upon tombstones, without the effect of incongruity; but, whatever their theme, in such inscriptions we expect a certain order and economy, a final stability, in the arrangement of the words. We feel that the more deliberate act of carving demands a quality in the style that might not be necessary in writing upon paper, even for print. How far the sense of the actual materials, of enduring stone or metal as compared with perishable paper, enters into this feeling may for the moment be disregarded; the point is that, though we can dispense with solemnity, we expect, in a word, gravity.

Certainly, it is this character of gravity in style that we find when we turn to approved examples of engraving, such as are represented in the wonderful exhibition of "Book Illustration of the 'Sixties" at the Tate Gallery. The subjects and themes of the illustrations are of all kinds: Parables from the Bible, "Punch" jokes, poetical fancies, and scenes from novels; but the degree of merit throughout seems to depend upon some quality of style in the draughtsman which does or does not lend itself to the deliberate act of engraving. Nor is this merely a technical quality, for it is quite evident in many cases that the engraver licked the drawing into shape—as the inscriber on stone might correct the spelling or even the grammar of the writer. It is a deeper kind of appropriateness, and, since the famous "Moxon Tennyson" contains some of the best work of the period, we may turn to that volume to see what it is. What distinguishes the illustrations by Millais, Rossetti, and Holman Hunt from those of the other artists who contributed to the volume? So far as gravity of subject is concerned, the division of labour is quite impartial. Thus, "Morte D'Arthur" was illustrated by Daniel Maclise, but nobody would say that his pictures have the same weight as those by Millais to "A Dream of Fair Women," or Rossetti to "The Palace of Art," or even that by Holman Hunt to "The Beggar Maid." The difference in weight, in gravity and stability, has nothing to do with subject and very little with feeling; it is in the conduct of the designs and the actual style of the drawing. As compared with the work of Millais, Rossetti, and Holman Hunt, the illustrations by Maclise and those by Creswick, Horsley, and Clarkson Stanfield are frivolous in style. In conscious loyalty to the mood of the poet there is little to choose, if, indeed, the balance is not against the Pre-Raphaelites, who seem to be more exclusively concerned with their own ideas; and, from a technical point of view, it is doubtful if their drawings gave less trouble to the engravers; but, by comparison, the works of the others have a levity of effect which is almost material. They seem to sit lightly on the page, as if

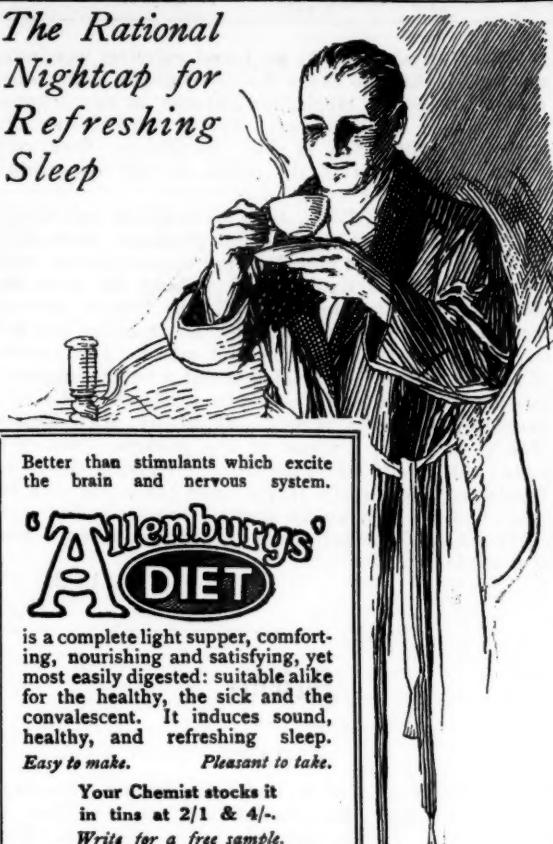
they had been fixed there by chemical rather than mechanical means.

If this association of gravity with engraving is well founded, we have something to guide us through the different forms and varieties of the art in the exhibitions of the moment. And it is a fact that in reflecting upon the varieties, as they may be studied at the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, at 5a, Pall Mall East, the instinctive desire for gravity is found to bear some relation to the deliberation of the method. It is strongest in those methods, such as wood engraving, in which the effect is got line by line by the hand of the engraver, and weakest in drypoint, which, though a method of incision, is more immediately a draughtsman's affair, and seems to advertise a certain precariousness of effect in its exploitation of the "bur." By comparison, the line bitten with acid seems to demand a more conscious deliberation in the drawing, a severer logic in the gradations. There is the same difference as between aquatint and mezzotint, the one implying a definite change of gear as between tone and tone, while the other lends itself naturally to infinite gradations in the process of scraping and burnishing a ground prepared by mechanical means. In the aquatint it is the deliberate planning of tones which gives pleasure, and small gradations, though possible, are felt to be frivolous—like a *portamento* attempted on an instrument ill-adapted to the purpose. Mezzotint, on the other hand, has the obvious facilities of the 'cello for such an effect.

Just as in lapidary inscriptions we expect a character not only suitable for carving, but one which will endure in time, so in engravings we expect a character which will bear repetition in space. This question comes up at the exhibition of the Society of Graver-Printers in Color, at the gallery of Messrs. Bromhead, Cutts & Co., 18, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, in which there would seem to be considerable difference of opinion as to the amount of repetition desirable, the editions ranging from six to one hundred copies. Only an expert could decide the safe limits of printing as determined by the effective life of the blocks or plates, for both wood and metal are employed, but it is evident that some of the exhibitors have been guided by less practical considerations. More than that, they have evidently been guided in their limitation of the edition in the interests of qualities in their work which may be described as frivolous: charm of surface, and subtle effects of color. However attractive these effects may be in painting, in which not the reproduced but the actual touch of the artist is present, they are felt to be out of place in engraving; and the feeling is deepened when we turn to lithography—such as the examples by Daumier and Gavarni at the new Three Shields Gallery, Holland Street, Kensington, or those by Whistler and the late Mr. T. R. Way at the Greatorex Galleries—in which the act of engraving is merely nominal, hardly more than to fix the drawing on the stone. It is here that we instinctively indulge the more frivolous and precarious effects of the artist: extreme range and rapid gradation of tone, quality of line, and bloom of surface. Rightly or wrongly, then, we expect in engraving the more permanent effects of nature and the more considered effects of art, and we expect them, broadly, in proportion to the depth and deliberation of the method of engraving. This may explain a vague dissatisfaction with such accomplished work as that of the late Anders Zorn, in which, with perfect adaptation of technical means to end, the end itself is felt to be too conditional for the method. On the other hand, it explains the confidence inspired by the etchings and drypoints by Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson at the Leicester Galleries, in which, with much to question in technical application, the effects and the style are felt to be proper to engraving.

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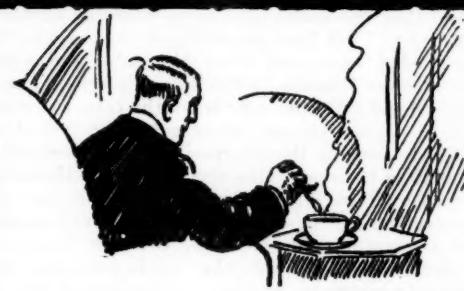
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## The Drama.

### TWO PLAYS.

Wyndham's Theatre: "The Dancers." By Hubert Parsons. Lyric, Hammersmith (Stage Society) : "The Mental Athletes." By Georges Duhamel.

THE play called "The Dancers," which Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Viola Tree have written under the pseudonym "Hubert Parsons," is a lanky thing. The successive love affairs of Tony, afterwards Lord Chieveley, with the two "dancers"—Una Lowry, the London butterfly whose wings are so cruelly broken, and Maxine, the stage star, whom he had first known when roughing it as a cabaret-keeper in Canada—with difficulty coalesce into a single plot. Indeed, though nobody could blame Tony for consoling himself after the searing tragedy of Una's suicide with the puppy-like fidelity of Maxine, yet the business has hardly the dignity of a high dramatic theme. Such consolation prizes are decidedly not things to make a song about. This cheapness of ideal combines with a raw Bashkirtseffism of sentiment and a taste for misplaced witticism to stamp the piece as one more product of the post-war psychosis.

Luckily, it has, together with the unpleasing, some of the more appealing traits of this unduly prolonged frame (or, rather, *eclipse*) of mind. These are pretty well summed up in the figure of Una, the only thing that remains in the memory. She, the most badly lost of children, seeking to cram her delicate and fair desires with dreary frivolities, self-surrenders of curiosity, and the deadly toy of drugs, is a real and touching creature—the epitome of a brief epoch, winning pity for it out of the heart of contempt. It is an achievement for the authors, and an achievement for the actress, Miss Audry Carten, who has used this, her first great opportunity, to display an astonishing emotional force, quite unsullied by affectation. The scene in which Una, recoiling at the last minute from the fraud of marrying Tony to pass off as his another man's child, kills herself with her own drugs, is acted as only a fine artist would do it, for it is based on imagination, not physical realism. Tony is so much a passive plaything of ill-luck that perhaps no actor could make a great deal of him. Sir Gerald du Maurier, but for a striking moment or two, seems put in the shade; he is threatened by a tendency to monotony, which a sharp-eyed producer would easily correct. Is it a temporary penalty of having to produce himself? We have to thank Mr. Norman Forbes for one more of his exquisite studies of kindly old age, as a family solicitor, and Mr. W. G. Fay for a few minutes' delight due to his momentary appearance as an Irish Station Agent (whatever that is) in the Canadian scene. When are we to see this splendid actor in something substantial again?

It is intelligible that the Stage Society should have wished to produce an English version of M. Georges Duhamel's comedy, "The Mental Athletes." The bitter flavor of its satire in French would be, one imagines, remarkable. Some such fantasy as this might be suggested by the sight of a *louche* chemist's shop in Paris, displaying, among sickly-looking powders and grotesquely labelled bottles, the photograph of some colossal literary charlatan adorning a dentifrice advertisement. That would give the groundwork of the tale of Rémy Belœuf, the quack philosopher, and his precious League of Mental Athletes, organized from the back part of his cousin Auboyer's chemist's shop. But it will not bear export to England. We do not get precisely that type of sham sociologist, with his organs, leagues, and banquets, over here; in consequence much of the topical satire evaporates; while, as with most translated French farces, we suspect that more than one joke may have suffered a sea-change in crossing the Channel. (Not that the translators have been at all points respectful of our different canons of taste. One repeated jest turning on the initials of the league's title seemed to us superfluous.) But, however these things may be, what is prominent when such a piece is given here is the more

obvious farcical element; we found ourselves wondering sometimes what the Stage Society could be doing when we were invited to giggle, for instance, at two drunken men jammed in a doorway. But it is not their fault, nor necessarily that of the translators, that such moments stand out in the *eclipse* of the more subtle humors.

Mr. Bremer Wills, both in make-up and acting, was an admirable Auboyer—how gruesome, when all is said, is the figure of this decaying drug-dispenser, with his nervous tic of sizzling and jerking his arm, his diseased volubility, and his ludicrous literary vanity! Into Belœuf, on the other hand, M. Duhamel has put less of his observant and mordant satire. The founder of the "Athletes" is depicted as but a vulgar impostor, capable of the attempt to debauch the chemist's silly daughter, who was prettily played by Miss Nadine March, in skilful contrast to the younger sister, presented with really clever *grotesquerie* by Miss Hermione Baddeley. Mr. George Hayes acted the rogue with his usual fine flamboyancy in exotic character-acting. He could not, without help from the author, make a man of a marionette.

D. L. M.

## Science.

### X-RAYS.

THE discovery of X-rays was an accidental discovery. That is to say, the phenomenon, at the time it was observed, was unsuspected and unsought-for. The discovery was made by Professor Röntgen in 1895. He noticed that a fluorescent screen was unexpectedly lit up when the electric discharge was taking place in an adjacent high vacuum tube. Phenomena inside a vacuum tube had already been studied, but nobody had supposed that the electric discharge produced effects outside the tube. Yet here was evidence that rays or waves of some kind emanated from the tube and affected objects at some distance. Further, Röntgen discovered that the effects persisted even when the tube was covered with black paper. He also investigated the "shadows" cast on the screen by the interposition of different objects in the path of the rays. He thus discovered that objects quite opaque to light were transparent or semi-transparent to the new rays. This discovery naturally excited a great deal of attention; the experiments were everywhere repeated, and the mathematicians found a congenial problem.

For there were three possible theories as to the nature of the new rays. There was, first, what we may call the corpuscular theory. According to this the X-rays might be similar to the rays produced inside the vacuum tube, and these could be shown to consist of small electrified particles. But Röntgen himself showed that the new rays were not deflected by a magnet, and hence were certainly different from the electrified corpuscles already studied. He decided that the new rays were etheric vibrations of some kind. But here there were two possibilities. A wave motion may be one of two kinds: it may consist of a vibration at right angles to the direction of propagation, as when, on shaking a rope fastened at one end, a wave is made to pass along it; or it may consist of a longitudinal vibration—a to-and-fro movement in the direction of propagation. Sound-waves consist of longitudinal air vibrations, whilst light, it was definitely shown about a century ago, consists of transverse etheric vibrations. The universal ether, in which light-waves were supposed to travel, was able, on some mathematical theories, to support longitudinal besides transverse vibrations, but so far no experimental evidence of the existence of longitudinal etheric vibrations had been obtained. The picturesque possibility suggested itself, therefore, that the new rays were examples of the hitherto missing longitudinal vibrations. But this almost too obviously attractive solution did not survive the further experimental evidence, and it

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February 21st, 1923.

## LECTURES.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A COURSE of Three Lectures on "POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS IN INDIA from 1920 TO 1922" will be given by SIR WILLIAM VINCENT, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E. (Member of the Council of India) at the LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C. 2), on THURSDAYS, MARCH 1st, 8th, and 15th, 1923, at 8 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by The Right Hon. Lord Meston, K.C.S.I., LL.D. ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

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GRESSHAM COLLEGE, Basinghall Street, E.C. — Four Lectures will be delivered by Professor Foster Watson, D.Litt., at 8 p.m. Subject: "THINKERS ON EDUCATION AND LIFE." Tues., Feb. 27. Robert Owen, Social Educator. Wed., Feb. 28. William Cobbett and Individualist Education. Thurs., Mar. 1. F. D. Maurice and Spiritual Education. Fri., Mar. 2. Charles Dickens and Education. Admission FREE.

## LONDON CENTRAL BRANCH, INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY.

A LECTURE on "Psychology and Politics" will be delivered by the Hon. Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S., at 8 p.m., Wednesday, March 7th, at the Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. Tickets, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, from J. Allen Skinner, 92, Oakley Street, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

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became clear that the X-rays also were transverse vibrations, but that they differed from any other transverse vibrations known in being of abnormally small wave length.

The fact that X-rays, as distinguished from light-waves, could not be reflected or refracted indicated that they belonged to an altogether higher region of the spectrum even than the so-called ultra-violet rays. And the question arose, How were these minute wave lengths to be measured? The principal method for determining the length of light-waves is by means of a diffraction grating, which may consist of a sheet of glass on which a large number of lines are ruled very close together. Now the distance between the lines has to be of the same order of magnitude as the wave length to be measured. By the exercise of very great skill, diffraction gratings have been constructed where the distance between the lines is comparable with the wave length of ordinary light. But the wave length of the X-rays is ten thousand times smaller than the wave length of ordinary light. A diffraction grating adapted to measure the wave length of X-rays would have to have its adjacent lines of the order of a hundred millionth of a centimetre apart. Such a grating obviously cannot be constructed. But a German physicist named Laue saw, in a brilliant flash, that nature has already provided such a grating.

The regularity of the structure of crystals had long fascinated mathematicians, and the way in which the atoms or molecules were arranged in certain types of crystals had been worked out. Further, the crystal, considered as a kind of three-dimensional grating, had its molecules set at the right distances for the determination of X-ray wave lengths. The modern method of using this natural diffraction grating is very different from that originally employed by Laue, and it has led, not only to a much more detailed knowledge of X-rays, but to a much more detailed knowledge of crystals. It has been found that the wave lengths of X-rays vary within fairly wide limits, according to the conditions under which they are emitted. The longest waves observed are about twelve one hundred millionths of a centimetre in length, while the shortest are about one fortieth of that. Still shorter waves are known. The so-called Gamma-rays, shot out by radium, are also waves, and they are about twenty times smaller than X-rays. There is reason to suppose that even shorter waves exist.

But the chief theoretical importance of X-rays at the present time consists in the light they throw on the structure of the atom. When the stream of high velocity electrons generated in a vacuum tube is made to bombard an obstacle (the anti-cathode) the X-rays produced are of two kinds. The sudden stoppage of the bombarding electrons sets up a wave disturbance, and this disturbance takes the form of X-rays. But the actual substance of the obstacle, under the bombardment, emits X-rays of its own. These X-rays are characteristic of the substance of the obstacle, and their characteristics vary with the atomic weight of the substance. The penetrative power, the "hardness" of X-rays, depends on their frequency: the higher the frequency the greater the "hardness." And the frequency of the X-rays characteristic of a substance is found to increase with the atomic weight of the substance. Detailed investigations of the X-ray spectra of various elements have been made, and the interpretation of the results takes us far into the modern theory of atomic constitution. For it is a purely atomic phenomenon with which we are concerned. The characteristic X-ray spectrum of a substance remains the same whether the substance is simple or in combination with others.

The history of the X-rays is a good example of the tenacity, industry, and ingenuity of that not very large body of men engaged in modern physics. From being a puzzling curiosity in 1895 the X-rays have become a well-understood phenomenon, an instrument of great practical utility, particularly in medicine, and a subtle and cunningly employed instrument in the most fascinating of modern physical investigations.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

Feb.

Sat. 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"Atomic Projectiles and their Properties," Lecture II, Sir E. Rutherford. Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 8.—"Music at Home," Sir H. P. Allen.

Sun. 25. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Has Science a Gospel?" Mr. W. Platt. Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 5.—"The Duty of the Theatre," Mr. Norman MacDermott.

Mon. 26. University College, 4.15.—"Arras à travers l'Histoire," Prof. E. Déprez (of Rennes). (In French.) Institute of Actuaries, 5.—"Damaged Lives and Options," Mr. P. H. McCormack.

King's College, 5.30.—"Psychology and Psychotherapy," Lecture II, Dr. W. Brown.

King's College, 5.30.—"Modern Polish Comedy and Drama," Lecture I, Prof. Roman Dyboski.

University College, 6.—"Foscolo e Dante," Padre Semeria. (In Italian.) Royal Geographical Society, 8.30.—"The Brenner Pass Boundary and Italy's New Province," Lieut.-Col. T. T. Behrens.

Tues. 27. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"Life and Liberty, and Prayer-Book Revision," Rev. Duncan Jones. Royal Institution, 3.—"Life and its Rhythms," Lecture I, Sir Arthur E. Shipley.

British Science Guild (Mansion House), 3.30.—Addresses by Sir Ronald Ross and Sir Joseph Cook.

University College, 5.—"Soil Fungi," Lecture I, Dr. W. B. Brierley.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Expansion of Europe Overland," Lecture II, Prof. A. J. Toynbee.

King's College, 5.30.—"Physical Causality and Modern Science," Lecture II, Prof. H. W. Carr.

University College, 5.30.—"The Roman Empire in the Fourth Century," Lecture IV, Mr. N. H. Baynes.

Wed. 28. University College, 3.—"Dante in his Works," Barlow Lecture III, Prof. E. G. Gardner.

University College, 5.—"The Theory of Beauty," Lecture III, Mr. P. Leon.

Geological Society, 5.30.—"The Late Glacial Stage of the Lea Valley: Third Report," Mr. S. H. Warren.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Limitations of Natural Science," Principal L. P. Jacks.

University College, 5.30.—"Manuscript Influence on the Early Printed Book," Mr. G. H. Palmer.

Royal Microscopical Society, 8.—"Some Mounting Media for Microscopic Objects," Mr. H. J. Denham.

Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Heat-Resisting Glasses," Prof. W. E. S. Turner.

Thurs. 1. Royal Institution, 3.—"Water Power of the Empire," Lecture I, Mr. Theodore Stevens.

Royal Society, 4.30.

Linen Society, 5.—"The Alpine Flora of South Tirol," Mr. A. H. Maude.

London School of Economics, 5.—"The Economic Position of Poland," Prof. Roman Dyboski.

Royal Institute of British Architects, 5.—"Architecture and the Countryside," Sir Ryland Adkins.

University College, 5.—"Soil Fungi," Lecture II, Dr. W. B. Brierley.

King's College, 5.30.—"Post-War Poetry in Poland," Mr. F. Sobienowski.

University College, 5.30.—"The Public Buildings of Sir Christopher Wren," Prof. A. E. Richardson.

Fri. 2. University College, 5.15.—"Modern Poetry," Mr. Walter de la Mare.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Case for Pluralism," Lecture I, Mr. C. E. M. Joad.

Philological Society, 5.30.—"Dictionary Evening," Mr. C. T. Onions.

Royal Institution, 9.—"The Water in the Atmosphere," Dr. G. C. Simpson.

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### PHILOSOPHY.

Abaudit (Frank). *L'Enigma du Monde et sa Solution selon Charles Sécretan*. Paris, Alcan, 12fr.

Bradley (R. H.). *Duality: a Study in the Psycho-Analysis of Race*. Routledge, 6/6.

Hopkinson (Arthur W.). *Hope: Reflections of an Optimist*. Constable, 7/6.

Oesterreich (T. Konstantin). *Occultism and Modern Science*. Methuen, 6/-.

Varonosok (J.). *The Evolution of the Conscious Faculties*. Allen & Unwin, 12/6.

## COMPANY MEETING.

## UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

THE ORDINARY AND SPECIAL GENERAL MEETINGS of the Metropolitan District Railway Company, London Electric Railway Company, City and South London Railway Company, Central London Railway Company, London General Omnibus Company, Limited, was held at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, Westminster, S.W.1, on Thursday, February 22nd, 1923. The Right Honourable Lord Ashfield, P.C., presiding said: My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—

This is the first occasion upon which the proprietors of the five Companies associated together in the Common Fund established under the London Electric Railway Companies' Facilities Act, 1915, have met together at one time and in one place for their Annual General Meetings. Having regard to the very close community of interest which exists between the several Companies, and to the operation of this Common Fund, it is desirable that the Proprietors should be made familiar with the affairs of the Companies as a whole and not in the piece-meal fashion which a series of separate meetings necessarily entails. I hope this new procedure will be found as satisfactory to you as it is to my colleagues and myself.

All through last year the depression in trade and industry continued, and in London the number of unemployed varied between 180,000 and 120,000 people. There has been a slight but continuous improvement in trade conditions, and there are indications that a revival is coming, though only very slowly. This depression readily accounts for the falling off in the passengers carried by the railways from 339 millions a year ago to 325 millions in this last year, or by about 4 per cent. Yet against this must be set the increase of 85 millions in the omnibus passengers. This increase is attributable to the increased number of omnibuses in service this year over last and to the larger modern omnibuses which were placed on the streets in growing numbers throughout the year.

The gross receipts from passengers carried by the five Companies are £12,028,000, compared with £12,287,000 a year ago. The reduction amounts to £259,000 or 2 per cent. Other traffic receipts amounted to £250,000, as compared with £211,000, so that the final gross result of traffic operation was only £220,000 worse than a year ago. This is a very slight fall, you will agree, bearing in mind the circumstances of the times.

Fortunately expenses continued to decline throughout 1922. The economies to which I made reference when last I spoke to you have borne fruit. The total expenditure was £9,943,000 in 1922, against £10,426,000 in 1921—a decrease of £483,000, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. As a matter of fact the decrease upon the railways amounted to £507,000, but there was a slight increase of £24,000 upon the omnibuses which, however, is easily explained when you observe that the number of miles worked by omnibuses in the year 1922 increased by 7,266,000 over the miles worked in the previous year, or by about 8 per cent. There was an increase in car mileage worked upon the railways as well, but this was much less, being 676,000 car miles, or  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. more; so that the decrease in expenses occurred in spite of the fact that greater service was rendered to the public.

Miscellaneous receipts net, being the receipts from advertising, surplus properties, &c., increased from £587,000 in 1921 to £642,000 in 1922, or by £55,000, equivalent to  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The net income, therefore, was £2,977,000, or £317,000 more than a year ago. Deductions for rents, fixed charges, interest and dividends on prior charge stocks amounted to £1,255,000, against £1,257,000 a year ago, a decrease of £2,000. The balance of the year's earnings available for appropriation to reserves and for payment of dividends on ordinary stocks and shares was £1,722,000, or £320,000 more than a year ago. Out of this a special appropriation was first made to meet the interest on the  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Redeemable Second Debenture Stock issued during the year, which, as I shall tell you later, is being spent upon a scheme of extensions and improvements which can scarcely earn in its first years of operation, before development takes place, sufficient extra income to meet the interest charge in full. It was thought prudent to attempt to average out the burden of this interest over several years, and a first instalment was set aside out of this year's revenue by an appropriation of £82,500 to a special reserve for this purpose. In 1921 £530,000 was carried to reserves for contingencies and renewals, and in 1922 this sum has been increased by £135,000, making altogether £665,000 to be carried to such reserves this year. It has been admitted more than once that the reserves of the several Companies are inadequate under post-war circumstances. The policy which has governed the Boards has always been to hold the balance as evenly as possible between reserves and dividends, and when the amount available for distribution has been small, it has been shared fairly between these two competing claims. Now that the income is larger the time has come when this policy should operate so as to improve the reserve position; accordingly the gains of last year have been shared as nearly as may be equally between the two. While £135,000 more has been carried to the reserves, £148,000 more is, we propose, to be paid in ordinary dividends. Of the additional sum which has been carried to reserves, £95,000 has been on account of the railways, and £40,000 on account of the omnibuses.

The total distribution by way of dividends upon the ordinary stocks and shares amounts to £902,983 and is equivalent to

4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., approximately, upon the whole of this capital, as compared with less than 4 per cent. a year ago. This is the best result which has so far been achieved in the record of this group of companies, and is one which gives to your Boards considerable satisfaction. When the accounts are finally closed and the dividends paid, £325,000 will be carried forward to next year's accounts, as compared with £253,000 brought in, an increase of £72,000.

It is immensely hard for anyone to get a real grasp of what the London traffic problem is, for it is immensely hard to visualize all the various traffic facilities that are provided over the vast area involved, and to recognize that all of them are mutually dependent. London cannot exist upon one form of transport alone. Its prosperity depends upon the provision of many kinds of transport all co-operating together in the closest harmony to provide facilities for travel of the highest efficiency and at the lowest fares. I am no believer in competition in urban transport, but equally I am no believer in a protected monopoly. It seems to be assumed that there is nothing between the two, but surely this is a mistake. The door is always open for new concerns to come in and offer traffic facilities, if the old does not give them on fair terms, but if the old does give them on fair terms, where is the merit in the new? No one can say that these Companies have been backward in making due provision. Since 1918 up to the close of 1922 they have spent £5,800,000 out of capital and reserves. They are spending, as I have already stated, some £6,000,000 more in the current programme of expansion, and are hopeful of spending some £8,000,000 more still. What is needed is some responsible and judicial authority, able to say what is required stage by stage for the development of London's traffic facilities, and able to secure these requirements, if not from those already engaged in the business, then from those who are willing to enter in as they are needed.

Every metropolitan city has been compelled to this solution. It is the case in New York, in Paris and in Berlin. Since the war circumstances have hastened all these cities to consolidate their traffic undertakings, and to ensure that their future growth and development come by design and not by accident.

I now propose to deal with the affairs of each Company in turn.

First, so far as the Metropolitan District Railway Company is concerned. After meeting all expenditure and prior charges and paying in full the interest and dividends on the guaranteed and preference stocks for the year and after appropriating to reserve for contingencies and renewals the sum of £85,000, being £20,000 more than a year ago, of which £10,000 is taken from your Company's share of the Common Fund, there remains a sum of £174,125. If a dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. for the year is paid upon the ordinary stock, it requires a sum of £97,050 and leaves £77,075 to be carried forward to the next year or £16,525 more than the amount brought into the accounts.

Then so far as the London Electric Railway Company is concerned. After meeting all expenditure and making due provision for extraordinary expenditure now being incurred, after providing for all prior charges and the full dividend on the Preference Stock, and after appropriating £90,000 to reserve for contingencies and renewals, being £25,000 more than a year ago, of which £15,000 is taken from your Company's share of the Common Fund, and after appropriating £55,000 to a special reserve to equalize the interest burden on the  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Redeemable Second Debenture Stock as already explained to you, there remains a sum of £446,960. If a dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. for the year is paid upon the ordinary shares, it requires a sum of £373,118, and leaves £73,842 to be carried forward to next year's accounts, or £34,098 more than the amount brought in.

Then so far as the City and South London Railway is concerned. After meeting all expenditure and prior charges in full and paying the dividend in full on the preference stock and after setting aside £46,000 for reserve for contingencies and renewals, or £10,000 more than a year ago, and £27,500 to a special reserve for the equalization of the interest burden on the  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Redeemable Second Debenture Stock as already explained to you, there remains available for distribution a sum of £87,064. I need hardly add that this sum is wholly contributed by the common fund and illustrates the strength of the position created by the common fund. The capital of your Company is being sustained by the common fund in the common interest while your railway is being reconstructed. If 4 per cent. is paid on the consolidated ordinary stock for the whole year it requires a sum of £59,200 and leaves £27,864 to be carried forward, or approximately the same amount as that brought in to the accounts, namely, £25,276.

Then so far as the Central London Railway Company is concerned. After providing for all expenditure on revenue account incurred during the year or for which the Company is committed, after payment in full of all prior charges and the dividend on the preference stock, and after setting aside £69,000 to reserve for contingencies and renewals, of which £30,000 is taken from your Company's share of the Common Fund, the amount being £40,000 more than a year ago (a sum warranted when you consider the age of your railway and the total now standing to reserve, namely, £287,640, about 6 per cent. on the capital expenditure) there remains a sum of £194,411. If 4 per cent. for the year is paid upon all classes of ordinary stock, it requires a sum of £120,000, and leaves £74,411 to be carried forward to next year's accounts, or £14,767 more than the amount brought in.

The usual resolutions were then put and carried.

Resolutions approving the Bills were then put and carried and the proceedings closed.

## RELIGION.

Blunt (A. W. F.), ed. *The Acts of the Apostles in the Revised Version. With Introd. and Commentary.* II. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 4/6.  
 Chester (Archdeacon of), ed. *Anglican Essays: a Review of the Principles of the Anglican Communion as Catholic and Reformed.* Macmillan, 12/6.  
 Lattey (Rev. G.), ed. *Catholic Faith in the Holy Eucharist: Papers from the Summer School of Catholic Studies, July, 1922.* Cambridge, Heffer, 5/-.  
 Wormald (Rowland). *The Divine Kingdom within the Empire: Some Modern Administrative, Imperative, and Eschatological Tendencies.* Routledge, 6/6.

## SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

Becker (Carl). *The Declaration of Independence: a Study in the History of Political Ideas.* New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1. West 47th St.  
 Cohen (Joseph L.). *Workmen's Compensation in Great Britain. "Post Magazine,"* 9, St. Andrew St., Holborn Circus, E.C. 4, 6/-.  
 Davies (Sir Alfred T.). *Evicting a Community: the Case for the Preservation of the Valley of the Cefnig in North Wales.* II. Llangollen, H. Hugh Jones, the County Schools, 1/-.  
 Gide (Charles). *Effects of the War upon French Economic Life: a Collection of Five Monographs.* Carnegie Endowment (Milford), 6/-.  
 Georsh (G. P.). *Recent Revelations on European Diplomacy.* British Institute of International Affairs, Malet Street, W.C. 1, 1/6.  
 Hadley (Arthur Twining). *Economic Problems of Democracy.* Cambridge Univ. Press, 6/-.  
 Sherwell (Arthur). *Carlisle and its Critics: Allegations tested by Facts.* Temperance Legislation League (King), 2d.  
 Smallic (William). *A Paper on Money. In Support of Bi-metallism.* Liverpool, C. Birchall, 17, James St.  
 Sun Yat-Sen. *The International Development of China. Maps.* Putnam, 22/6.  
 Younger (Lord Justice). *The Teaching of the Law as to Enemy Nationals and their British Property during War and after Peace.* Edinburgh, Wm. Hodge, 1/-.

## MEDICAL.

Harrow (Benjamin). *Glands in Health and Disease.* Routledge, 8/6.  
 Lindsay (J. A.). *Medical Axioms, Aphorisms, and Clinical Memoranda.* H. K. Lewis, 8/-.  
 Sharpen (Mary). *Vaccination.* Research Defence Society, 1/-.  
 Stokell (Dr. W.). *Conditions of Nervous Anxiety and their Treatment.* Kegan Paul, 25/-.

## FINE ARTS.

D'Ors (Eugenio). *Poussin y El Greco, y otras notas de Estética ("El Nuevo Glosario," V.).* Madrid, Caro Raggio, 5pts.  
 Forty-one Pictures of Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden City Bookshop, 1/-.  
 Goudy (Frederic W.). *Elements of Lettering.* 13 pl. Text by Bertha M. Goudy. Lane, 25/-.  
 Picturesque Greece: Architecture: Landscape: Life of the People. Pl. Fisher Unwin, 21/-.  
 Rosso Engravings: Two Hundred Plates of the Eighteenth Century. Selected by Dr. Peter Jessen, and reproduced in Coliotype. Benn Bros., 63/-.  
 Seager (S. Muriel). *The Lighting of Picture Galleries and Museums.* (Reprinted from the Journal of the R.I.A.) 9, Conduit St., Regent St., W.

## MUSIC.

Bavin (J. T.). *Music for School and Home.* II. Silas Birch, 23, Southampton St., W.C. 1, 2/-.  
 Fowles (Ernest). *Musical Competition Festivals.* Kegan Paul, 4/6.  
 National Opera Handbook. *The Magic Flute.—The Marriage of Figaro.—The Seraglio.—Hänsel and Gretel.* All by A. Corbett-Smith. Grant Richards, 1/- each.  
 Reuse (W. H. D.). *Chants in Greek and Latin.* Written for Ancient Traditional Airs. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/6.

## GAMES AND SPORTS.

Newman (Tom). *How to Play Billiards.* 4 pl., 50 diagrs. Methuen, 8/6.  
 Shorthose (Capt. W. T.). *Sport and Adventure in Africa: a Record of Big-Game Hunting and Travel.* II. Seeley & Service, 21/-.

## LITERATURE.

Brown (Haywood). *Hecht (Bert) and Others. Nonsensehip.* II. by Ralph Barton. Putnam, 12/6.  
 Carnades on "Injuries." An Amoral Story with the Famous Lost Lecture of 155 B.C. by Eupolis, Jr. Ashford, Kent, Headley Bros., Invicta Press.  
 Crane (Frank). *Human Gold: Adventures in Common Sense.* Lane, 6/-.  
 Draper (F. W. M.). *The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama, with Special Reference to the Influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron.* Constable, 15/-.  
 Ferrer (José) ("Anco Marcio"). Instantáneas. Barcelona, Publicaciones Emporda, 3.50pts.  
 Gopp (Rev. Edward). *Sketches from an Essex Parish.* Dunmow, Robins Bros., 1/-.  
 Gray (Terence). "And in the Tomb were Found": Plays in Portraits of Old Egypt. II. by W. M. Brunton. Cambridge, Heffer, 7/6.  
 Hall (Ernest Jackson). *The Satirical Element in the American Novel.* Philadelphia, Univ. of Pennsylvania.  
 Traprock (Walter E.). *My Northern Exposure: the Kawa at the Pole.* 21 pl. Putnam, 12/6.  
 Winchester (G. T.). *An Old Castle; and other Essays.* Macmillan, 14/-.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Almanac de la Poésie, 1922. Barcelona, F. X. Altés, Carrer dels Àngels, 22/24.  
 Nelson (William Allan), ed. *The Chief Elizabethan Dramatists, excluding Shakespeare: Selected Plays by Llyly, Peele, Greene, and Others.* Harrap, 15/-.  
 S. & N. Society. Issue 23, and Year 4, Dec., 1922. Northampton, Mass., Norman Fitts, 53 yearly.  
 Schnittkind (Henry T.). *The Poets of the Future: a College Anthology for 1921-22.* Boston, Mass., Stratford Co., 12, Pearl St., \$2.25.  
 Weston (Jessie L.), ed. *The Chief Middle English Poets: Selected Poems.* Harrap, 10/6.

## FICTION.

Adler (D. L.). *Zion. Jarrold, 6/-.*  
 Bindloss (Harold). *The Keystone Block.* Ward & Lock, 7/-.  
 Binx (Olivier). *Clancy of the Mounted Police.* Ward & Lock, 7/-.  
 Bower (E. M.). *The Uphill Climb.* Methuen, 7/6.

Brighouse (Harold). *The Wrong Shadow.* Chapman & Dodd, 7/6.  
 Carter (Winifred). *Sylvia Revolts.* Heath Cranton, 7/6.  
 Clouston (J. Storer). *The Lunatic Still at Large.* Nash & Grayson, 7/6.

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